

# The Nation

VOL. VIII., No. 11.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1910.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K., 4d. Abroad, 14d.]

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

THE Election of December, 1910, looks like being a replica of that of January, 1910. The Government asked whether the nation was still in the mind which it then held, and the answer will probably be given with almost the same emphasis as the earlier reply. In London, which has elected few Tories outside the suburban or mainly residential quarters, the note is distinctly louder. In Yorkshire, again, it is almost identical. In Lancashire, troubled by bad trade, it is a trifle weaker, and Mr. Balfour may boast that here, at least, he has not served two masters for naught. The centres of the great staples, cotton, coal, woollens, iron, shipping, remain unaffected. Most of the pleasure cities—Brighton, Hastings, Yarmouth, the Kentish, Sussex, and Hampshire resorts—and the great service stations, also repeat their verdict, not, perhaps, for the peers, for they have no friends, but for a diluted and emasculated Protection.

THE polls are distinctly smaller, and the majorities on both sides are reduced, the Liberals suffering a little more severely than their opponents, and the old register accounting for many thousands of dead and impracticable votes on both sides. On the other hand, some few candidates with a personality have increased their majorities, and Mr. Burns has more than doubled his. Scotland, at the moment of writing, seems absolutely untouched; in Wales, a great business and territorial

interest combined has, by hard riding, won a curious victory at Cardiff, but the general balance can hardly be much changed. The borough elections, indeed, produced an almost exact dead level—sixteen gains to each side—and therefore a precise affirmation of the Ministerial position. The home counties remain the spoil of the classes who largely "own" them, though some fissures are beginning to open in the solid surface. But the great moral of the elections is the almost stolid stability of the voters. In the vast majority, the report is "No change," and the number of party gains and losses is surprisingly small.

THE only events that approach a sensation have been the turn-over of Sunderland and Plymouth, one from the Tories, the other from the Liberals. Labor has lost and won slightly, but its main strength is untouched. Nor does Mr. O'Brien's factionist movement appear to make headway, save in its centre and origin, Cork. "As you were" is the main moral of the Election. And that, of course, gives the Government its mandate. As we write, only about forty constituencies have changed sides.

AT the close of the borough pollings last January, we gave a list of the cities and larger industrial centres of Great Britain according to their economic faith. We republish it to-day in order to show how overwhelmingly the great industrial centres adhere to Free Trade. These were the results last January:—

| FREE TRADE.                            | PROTECTIONIST.      |
|--|---------------------|
| Industrial London, including the Port. | Residential London. |
| Manchester.                            | Liverpool.          |
| Glasgow.                               | Birmingham.         |
| Leeds.                                 | Sunderland.         |
| Bristol.                               | Portsmouth.         |
| Bradford.                              | Devonport.          |
| Edinburgh.                             | Brighton.           |
| Sheffield (by votes).                  | Preston.            |
| Hull.                                  | Bath.               |
| Salford.                               | Chester.            |
| Nottingham (by votes).                 | Oxford.             |
| Newcastle.                             |                     |
| Leicester.                             |                     |
| Derby.                                 |                     |
| Dundee.                                |                     |
| Norwich.                               |                     |
| Plymouth.                              |                     |
| Southampton.                           |                     |
| Blackburn.                             |                     |
| Bolton.                                |                     |
| Halifax.                               |                     |
| Northampton.                           |                     |
| Aberdeen.                              |                     |
| Oldham.                                |                     |
| Stockport.                             |                     |
| Ipswich.                               |                     |
| Cardiff.                               |                     |
| Merthyr Tydvil.                        |                     |
| Rochdale.                              |                     |
| Huddersfield.                          |                     |
| Swansea.                               |                     |
| Hartlepool.                            |                     |
| Darlington.                            |                     |
| Stockton.                              |                     |
| Middlesbrough.                         |                     |
| Grimsby.                               |                     |

We now give a corresponding list for this election, which shows how slight the deviation of opinion has been.

## FREE TRADE.

Industrial London, including the Port.  
Manchester.  
Glasgow.  
Sunderland.  
Leeds.  
Bristol.  
Bradford.  
Edinburgh.  
Sheffield (by votes).  
Hull.  
Salford.  
Nottingham (by votes).  
Wolverhampton (by votes).  
Newcastle (with Gateshead).  
Leicester.  
Derby.  
Dundee.  
Norwich.  
Southampton.  
Blackburn.  
Bolton.  
Halifax.  
Northampton.  
Aberdeen.  
Oldham.  
Stockport.  
Ipswich.  
Merthyr Tydvil.  
Rochdale.  
Huddersfield.  
Swansea.  
Hartlepool.  
Barrow.  
Stockton.  
Middlesbrough.

## PROTECTIONIST.

Residential London.  
Liverpool.  
Birmingham.  
Portsmouth.  
Devonport.  
Brighton.  
Preston.  
Bath.  
Chester.  
Oxford.  
Plymouth.  
Cardiff.  
Darlington.  
Grimsby.

Four towns, Plymouth, Cardiff, Darlington, and Grimsby have gone over to the Protectionist side; one, Sunderland, to the Free Trade position. But it is notorious that, in the Plymouth and Cardiff cases, the influences were much more local than national. In regard to Plymouth, indeed, they were much less national than international, for, strange to say, it is the one constituency in Great Britain in which "American dollars" played a practical, in place of a rhetorical or merely phantasmal, part. Let us add that working London has cast its Free Trade vote with much greater weight than it did eleven months ago. Three seats were won, and the vast East End and port are almost solid.

The methods of the Election call for some comment. On the Tory side, indeed, it has been tactics and nothing else. All serious and definite issues were withdrawn. Protection was side-tracked. The House of Lords was huddled out of sight, and the Referendum, a new intellectual toy for Mr. Balfour, dangled in its stead. The single clue to its working was furnished by the Tory leader, who declared, in a message to Mr. Waldorf Astor, that "each voter" in it "would have the right to give a single vote and no more." Thus, in a breath, Mr. Balfour whisks away perhaps forty Tory constituencies, depending on the property vote.

As soon as it was clear that the Government were going to stay, and that the peers were beaten, a new improvisation was set on foot. The party wins being practically equal, the Election was treated as a "neck-and-neck race"—which is as much as to say that a man starting at scratch in a quarter of a mile race

against an athlete with a handicap of 120 yards may declare himself victor if his rival reaches the tape 100 yards in front of him. A more audacious sophism still was improvised by Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh and Mr. Balfour at Wrexham. The former pretended that the Ministry could not pass the Parliament Bill if they came five short of their number at the Dissolution (the Tory Government of 1900 were nine short). The latter, putting off his Referendum coat, suggested that "another appeal would, before long, have to be made to the final Court of Appeal, the electorate of this country." This is a version of the Curzon doctrine of the power of the Lords to force election after election on the country (three in turn have been given against them), and a repudiation of the paper scheme of reform. We have known better electioneering tactics, never more shameless ones. Finally we note, as facts of great significance, that all the three leading Medicine Men of Protection—Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Hewins, and Mr. Amery—have been beaten, and a considerable number of Tory members have promised (a) to vote against food taxes, (b) not to use a favorable vote for the purpose of introducing Tariff Reform.

THE Liberal strength is that there have been no tactics. The Prime Minister, who has fought the election with singular power, as well as with perfect dignity and wise moderation, has put one issue before the country, which he has defined at Newcastle, Fife, Burnley, and elsewhere, as the creation of a House of Lords subordinate to the House of Commons, using its proper powers of revision and delay, and deprived of its usurped powers of Veto. He rejected the Referendum mainly on the ground which is fatal to it—that it must destroy the House of Commons and our system of representative government, based, as that is, on the existence of a highly-trained class of statesmen, responsible to Parliament. Mr. Asquith might have added that if it did not kill the House of Commons, it would certainly put an end to the House of Lords. This, by the way, is the view of a famous Duke, who, asked his opinion on the Balfour Referendum, replied: "Well, they dragged me to the House of Lords to vote against the Education Bill and the Budget, but I'm d——d if they'll get me there to vote for my own extinction."

A STATEMENT has been made that Mr. Balfour's policy of shunting Tariff Reform on to the Referendum track was decided after an interview with the editor of the "Observer" on the eve of the Albert Hall meeting. This statement is not correct. The procedure was by no means so hasty as this. We believe that the course was resolved on at a meeting of Conservative leaders, and that in the decision Lord Lansdowne's opinion had much weight. It is needless to say that the Protectionists strongly objected and remonstrated. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's resistance was overcome, as his later action and speech, reluctant as they must have been, bear witness. But the line of the "Morning Post" clearly points to early reprisals. Mr. Balfour's tactics have been neither forgotten nor forgiven.

THE comments of the European Press on our elections are not, as yet, particularly instructive, and will be better worth attention when the results are completely known. The "Neue Freie Presse," which has a clever London correspondent, takes the view that the Liberal enterprise required a better majority than is at all likely to be forthcoming, "a roaring, success, the unreserved support of the whole nation, the testimony of a brilliant election. Middling results are here of

little use. Only a giant can hurl rocks." The "Novoe Vremya," which has a veteran, but, of course, reactionary, correspondent, is misled by the assumption that Home Rule will involve the retirement of the Irish members, and therefore predicts the fall of the Liberal Government the moment it has satisfied the Irish demand. More interesting perhaps is the doctrinaire remonstrance which the Radical "Frankfurter Zeitung" addresses to Liberalism for its rejection of the Referendum.

It is with difficulty that one can take quite seriously the Republican plan for dealing with the American tariff. The Payne tariff has only just been set in action, and already a Tariff Board is at work on its revision. Mr. Emery, its chairman, explained this week at Chicago the general method by which it will proceed. The tariff is to be brought into touch with fluctuating markets and prices and kept in touch with them. It is at work for a bold beginning on the schedules that deal with wood pulp, paper, wool, cotton, and metals. It is to be a permanent institution, and Mr. Taft once more gave it his blessing in a telegram which he addressed to Mr. Emery's meeting.

THIS strikes us as a device very much akin in purpose to Mr. Balfour's conception of the Referendum. The interests and the politicians between them devise a thoroughly unpopular tariff, but the consumer is consoled and robbed of his sense of responsibility by the knowledge that a permanent Board is sitting which may at any time revise it. Newspapers, for example, having led the public into Protection may at once begin to complain of the price of paper, and at once the Board turns to revise this particular schedule. The scheme is likely, however, to be abortive. Mr. Taft has now a Democratic House of Representatives to deal with, and while the Democrats are disunited on any constructive tariff policy, they appear to be agreed in wishing to prevent the Republicans from escaping so easily from the unpopularity of the Payne tariff by this expedient of piecemeal revision.

HAKKI PASHA's statement of policy to the Ottoman Chamber—a sort of diffuse Sultan's speech—appears to be a colorless and unconvincing document. It glosses over the troubles in Macedonia, Albania, the Hauran, and Arabia with the usual official optimism. It is hard to say what is the exact value of its denial that an alliance with Roumania exists, because it went on to add that both Powers are sufficiently interested in the maintenance of the *status quo* to be able to dispense with a written agreement. Hakki Pasha was heard in silence, and the compact majority of the Committee's men, which regards his Government askance on the ground that it is not sufficiently Chauvinistic either abroad or at home, has so far refrained from speaking.

VIGOROUS opposition has come from all the Christian group and from independent Turkish critics. Ferid Bey wanted to know why both Greeks and Bulgarians had been alienated—the old *régime* used to know how to divide them. Why, also, had Hakki Pasha coquetted with Austria and Roumania at the very moment when Djavid Bey was trying to obtain a loan from France. A Greek member complained of the beating to death of a Greek citizen in the police barracks of Constantinople. Pavloff Effendi, a Macedonian Bulgar, produced statistics, which Mr. Bouchier, the experienced "Times" correspondent, considers too moderate, to show that during the disarmament 4,890 Macedonians have been

beaten or tortured, sixty-four maimed for life, and eleven killed.

The French arms have sustained a serious check in Equatorial Africa, though the costly engagement is claimed as a victory. A French column, under Lieut.-Col. Moll, advanced to the capital of the Marsalih in the Wada region, and on the day after its arrival (November 9th) was assailed by a powerful combination of Arab chiefs, who are, of course, officially described as slave-dealers. The French lost three officers, five warrant officers and twenty-eight men killed, but drove back their assailants with heavy loss. The most interesting fact about the battle is that news of it reached Constantinople three weeks ago. The Young Turks are accused of arming these tribes, and the campaign may have some connection with the dispute between France and Turkey, for the possession of the oases between Tripoli and Lake Chad. Some of these have lately been occupied by Turkish patrols, which, in one instance, are believed to have come into conflict with a French outpost. This controversy, it will be remembered, played a part in the recent negotiations over the Franco-Turkish loan. Turkey is indisposed to recognise the validity of the Anglo-French Convention, which gave the Hinterland of Turkish Tripoli to France, and the Young Turks have lately been at some pains to secure their hold on Tripoli.

THE events of the past week confirm our impression that the demonstrations on the death of Tolstoy revealed the beginnings of a revolutionary stirring in Russia. The movement is discernible all along the line—among students, among industrial workmen, and even in the Duma. A conflict is evidently approaching between the Government and the Chamber, which will be fought out on the ground of finance, over which alone has it any degree of control. It is indisposed to pass the extravagant naval credits. Even the Jingoës are annoyed because the Government is suspected of conceding to Krupps the right to establish armor-plate works in the iron-field of Southern Russia. On the other hand, the Government refuses to sanction the annual addition of a million sterling to the estimates to meet the cost of universal education. It wants the money for the Navy, and on the Navy the Duma does not desire to spend it. There is talk once more of a *coup d'état* by which the Duma is to be reduced to the rank of a consultative assembly. The dry humor of the suggestion that it has any powers to take away is even more irritating than the threat to coerce it.

WE much regret to record the death of Mr. John Ellis, for many years one of the most powerful and respected members of the House of Commons, who once or twice stood very near the Speaker's Chair. He was one of its hardest workers, and, since the time of Mr. Whitbread, he was perhaps the most notable private counsellor of the Liberal Parliamentary Party. Such types as his are peculiar to the House of Commons, and lend to its life both strength and moderation. Mr. Ellis had many public purposes, the most conspicuous of which was his pursuit of international peace. He gave much time and help to establishing a permanent organisation between the Churches of Great Britain and Germany, with the view of assisting friendly relationships between the two peoples. He had a brief career as a Minister; but his essential experience was as the private member and committee man, at once the most useful and the least conspicuous factor in our Parliament.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE END OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

BAR miracles, the Election of 1910 is won for the people and lost for the peers. Four results must emerge from it. The Veto Bill will pass. Free Trade will be maintained. The House of Lords will be altered out of all recognition, and the property vote, the basis of the Tory electoral power, will be destroyed. The first of these issues will be determined by the vote of the peoples of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. The second, third, and fourth have kindly been assured for us by the various pledges, declarations, concessions, and surrenders, announced by the Conservative leaders within the last fortnight, in imminent and deadly fear of the election, and with intent to avert its worst results. That is enough for the present. Nor is it necessary to speculate on the exact strength of the Ministerial majority on the issue submitted to the electorate. If it were only fifty, that would be the clear superiority, setting aside the Irish vote, with which Disraeli met the Liberal Party in 1874 and entered on the most brilliant Tory Government of the last century. If it fell short by a dozen of the majority which the Government commanded on the eve of the Dissolution, its Parliamentary strength would equal that which put the first Gladstone Ministry in power, and inaugurated the golden age of Liberalism. If it lost nine votes, its decrease of strength would be exactly equal to that which the Tory Government suffered in its triumphant "khaki" election of 1900, on the strength of which Mr. Balfour passed his Education Act. We shall take leave to prophecy that, in the main, the Election will preserve to the end the feature which stamped its earlier course. That feature is the number of seats which yield the result they exhibited eleven months ago. Twice in one year the British and Irish electors have said the same thing with pretty well the same emphasis. According to Mr. Balfour, who believes in the Referendum, that is a reason why they should be called upon to say it three times over. We hold different views. We are not able to say what article of the Tory creed was held by those electors who voted for Tory candidates, for no such creed was presented to them. They had to choose between this or that hasty "culture" of Radical doctrine. But we know what we believe. A Government starting with a majority of over 100 asked for a mandate to end the Veto of the Lords. A not inconsiderable portion of their following thought the appeal entirely superfluous, on the ground that an identical issue was presented and decided last January, and we have no doubt at all that this feeling accounted for a slight falling off in the Liberal polls. Nevertheless, they have repeated a declared and explicit opinion, whose effect in action is to seat in office for the third time running the party which alone suffers by the Veto of the Lords. Nothing in British political history constitutes a more conclusive verdict. The party which resists it is at war with democracy, and will necessarily be overborne by the force which the Constitution holds in reserve for subversive action. By all the rules of life, the loser who

has twice lost must pay, more especially when, by his own act, he has cut away all ground of compromise or composition.

When we examine the grounds of the Liberal strength, as the borough polls reveal it, we have every reason to rejoice at its stability and at the promise of coherence that it presents for the future. The counties, as far as we can judge by the results before us, will probably need some educating before they revert to the Radicalism of 1885. Even they can clearly be won back. The flood which swamped the home counties last winter is subsiding. It will reach a lower level still, with the decline of the landowning classes and the revival, under the salutary influence of the Budget, of the semi-independent tenantry and small holders whom the great enclosures crushed out. But the new urban democracy stands firm. Where the economic interest a little dominates the political, as in Lancashire, the feeling that the dark cloud of Protection has lifted has slightly relaxed the tension of last January. But, in the main, cotton is still as staunch as coal and iron. Eleven months ago two industrial centres of the first consequence then stood alone for the Peers and Protection. Not one of their sister cities has joined them. Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Newcastle, remain solidly Progressive; Bristol, Hull, Salford, all but solid; Glasgow and Sheffield, predominantly Radical and Labor; the greatest industrial and productive centre in the country, which is East London, overwhelmingly so. London, indeed, reviving its historic zeal for what Mr. Burns well called "a free Parliament," has thrust a new and most powerful wedge into the Tory dominion of the South; and the organised democracy of the North is beginning to send out visible lines of communication with the more dependent industrialism of the Midlands.

The basis of this movement, and, indeed, of the whole political situation, is the wisely loose but stable alliance between Social Radicalism and Labor. While that stands the Government stands. It is an association for mutual benefit; but no man who either knows the truth about British politics or wishes to speak it, would call it revolutionary. Catastrophic Socialism has made an even poorer show at this election than at the last; as a factor in affairs it has ceased to exist. What emerges from this election, as from its two predecessors, is a stable, continuous, practical force of democracy, bent on large definite reforms in the political and economic field. While the Tory Party welters in Protection, this party, amply equipped with leaders, principles, and methods of action, offers the Crown the only practical scheme of government open to the people of these islands. It has no rival; no other party can at once do so much good and disturb the essential peace and stability of the nation so little. This new Liberalism has now survived three fiercely fought elections. It has come to stay, and its work, already written in the life of two Governments, is a chapter in the quiet, orderly evolution of British democracy. The elections will doubtless show that three nations out of the four which compose our political fabric, and the best and strongest part of the fourth, are behind this necessary and beneficent force.



The time therefore has come, and more than come, for the House of Lords to bow the knee. They know full well that the sword is forged for their undoing. The three coalised parties are assured of power; their force is unshaken from the great public purpose to which it is devoted; the Cabinet is united, from its most advanced to its most moderate member; the occasion for an agreed settlement having lapsed, by the act and will of the men who hoped to gain by war, the hour for an enforced settlement has struck. Nothing more is required of the Lords than to take that place in the scheme of things which, thirty years ago, every Constitutional student of consequence assigned to them. The Lords could then revise Bills and delay Bills. They could not upset party government, as they have upset it during the last five years. This power of confusion they must lose. They will not be allowed to destroy our trade, or our Constitution, or our representative system; and this act of wise restraint the three guiding Powers in the land—the King, the Commons, and the People—will, the day after the Government is fully confirmed in office, take in hand together.

#### THE NON-PARTY MIND.

In time of war, if one would hear really bloodthirsty sentiments, one must go to the non-combatant. The mere soldier, from field-marshal to private, generally talks of his enemy with respect, and favors moderation of terms and clemence to the vanquished. To thunder out death and destruction, there is no one to match the mild-mannered man or woman who never killed a fly. So in politics the party leaders have as a rule some mutual respect and some sense of responsibility. For real violence, for the truly extreme vice, one must go to the non-party man. In the present contest Lord Rosebery is the non-party man, and as the non-party election orator he has at length found his function. Holding, as we try to do, to the faith that every man has his place, we have, we confess, sometimes wondered how the general principle applies to the particular case of Lord Rosebery. But it is plain to us now. Lord Rosebery's business is to make Mr. Balfour appear reasonable and moderate by comparison. On the subject of foreign gold it is true that Mr. Balfour made very good running, but we think that Lord Rosebery won by a neck. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Balfour never held the office of Prime Minister with the support of Irish votes—votes which had just as much "foreign" gold behind them in 1894 as to-day. On other points Lord Rosebery beat Mr. Balfour out of the field. Who but a non-party rhetorician could have exploited the brave act of a duke's son in the interest of a political party? We confess to a sense of nausea in seeing a really fine deed turned to uses of this kind. Lord Rosebery knows as well as any of us that such bravery knows no distinction of class or country; that hardly a week passes when we do not read of some accident, a fire, a wreck, a colliery disaster, a railway accident in which obscure men, miners, builders, railway workers, shop assistants, face death for the sake of their fellows. We do not speak of policemen, firemen,

and others of humble rank who take risks on behalf of others as part of the day's work. We speak of the ordinary workaday people who, on the spur of a sudden occasion, find themselves, to their own astonishment, touching the utmost height of courage and self-sacrifice. Such men are not usually gifted with rhetoric, and seldom desire to be the subject of rhetoric. We can do little to recompense them, but we can at least abstain from smearing their deeds with rhetorical adulation and party slime.

Lord Rosebery clearly enjoyed himself at Manchester (Liberal majority eight to one), but at Edinburgh, on Saturday (Liberal majority three to one) he beat all records. The Government, says this judicial mind, are the only obstacle that exists to the definite abolition of the hereditary principle. As though a single member of the Government would lift a finger to save the hereditary principle. As though the Lansdowne-Rosebery resolutions did not themselves preserve the hereditary principle. There is no arguing with a man who whips facts into a kind of syllabus of party hysterics. It is hard to say it of a man who in his day has achieved a kind of distinction, but really the only part which Lord Rosebery now looks to the life is that of the Fat Boy of immortal memory. He will make his hearers' flesh creep. He announces that he is going to tell them a terrible story. We can imagine the breathless silence, the solemn gaze, the uplifted arms, of the gifted orator. Then comes the thunderclap: "When all Second-Chamber Government is gone, the only restraint that remains on a Single Chamber is the restraint of physical force." The tension is over. The silence gives way to "prolonged cheers"—an expression, we should suppose, of relief that the bogey is only that. The House of Commons, Lord Rosebery might remember, has constituents, and the Parliament Bill reduces the life of the House of Commons to five years. In the last two years of the five, not a Bill can be passed without the assent of the Second Chamber. But mere facts like this would spoil a rhetorical period. The only thing for a rhetorician to do is to look them in the face and pass on to his next sensation.

To the facts of the situation existing, Lord Rosebery made one contribution which is of more importance because it only says in an absurd form what Mr. Balfour has said in a not less impudent but rather more plausible one. He discounts the Liberal victory. "A loss of a few seats on the balance, and the Government would not proceed with their proposals." A Government majority of 112 is to count for nothing. Unionism with a majority of twelve without the hundred is to do what it pleases. Liberalism with a majority of 112 is to be gagged and bound. The dozen voters who between them account for Gloucester, West Bromwich, and Mile End are to wipe off three-fifths of the Liberal victory. The eight who account for West St. Pancras are as half the remainder. A turnover of a hundred votes in the country would, on Lord Rosebery's principle, decide the Constitutional question. Now we do not think that Lord Lansdowne or Mr. Balfour would place themselves in quite so ridiculous a position as that. But, in

the highly improbable event in which the Liberal majority would be at all seriously reduced on the balance, we do fully expect to hear more talk in this vein, and we say at once that it comes with the worst possible effect from the exponents of the new-formed Conservative gospel of the Referendum. This election is the nearest approach to the Referendum that we have ever had. It is a direct appeal to the constituencies on a single issue. It is understood that that issue is perfectly plain. It is admitted that it holds the field. It is not denied that the verdict is weighted in favor of Unionism by the plural vote which Mr. Balfour now definitely tells us can have no place in the Referendum. This is virtually the second election on the same question. It is time to make up our mind. That will be the feeling of the country, and even in large measure of the Opposition itself, the moment the election is over. Be the majority what it may, be it anything from 50 to 100, it will be a majority on the final appeal for the limitation of the veto, and the limitation of the veto will be carried into law before any other work is done, and before the Coronation. The time for weighing majorities is gone. That is well enough on a new issue in an old Parliament. In a new Parliament, elected *ad hoc*, it is not the size of the majority, but the fact of the majority which is decisive. That is the view of the entire Liberal Party to-day. It will be the view of the Tory Party to-morrow.

#### THE POLITICS OF THE CLERK.

LIBERAL politicians familiar with the details of electioneering complain of the invincible Conservatism of the commercial clerk who in all large towns forms a considerable and growing part of the electorate. Why is the clerk Conservative? There seems no clear drive of self-interest to make him so. So far as party cleavage follows economic lines, dividing rich and poor, employer and employed, he seems by right to belong to the section that has most to gain by Radical reforms, and by political methods of achieving them. For no skilled class of workman has shared so little in the immense growth of national wealth, and none is so impotent to press its claims effectively by trade combination and collective bargaining. Free popular education, which has done so much for other wage-earners, has actually damaged this particular labor market by flooding it with streams of fresh competitors regardless of considerations of a standard wage. Nowhere does the modern system of industry bear more oppressively on any class of skilled labor. For though the work of most clerks contains large elements of mechanical routine in the application of the three R's, a not inconsiderable special mental equipment, with qualities of judgment and responsibility, is everywhere involved. Having a higher level of education and of refinement than the ordinary artisan upon the same wage-level, the clerk might be expected to feel more acutely his subjective poverty, the gulf between his wages and his realised needs, and to resent more actively his precarious position. He would seem natur-

ally disposed to espouse Radicalism, Democracy, Socialism, even Anarchism, the gospel of despair. And it is evident that every one of the advanced movements is leavened to a growing extent by members of the black-coated proletariat. London is slowly, but perceptibly, becoming Radical, so far as the young clerk is concerned. Clerks everywhere take an active part in Radical and Socialist organisations, and the Labor Party draws from their ranks some of its ablest leaders. Yet, it is still true that the majority of the clerks remain Conservative. Several causes suggest themselves. The formal respectability of the status of the clerk, stamped on his attire, visibly severs him from the manual wage-earners, and not only precludes him from active participation in the labor-movement, but strongly inclines him to oppose it. His work is different, and he strives to make his life, manners, and opinions express the difference. The closer personal contact he enjoys with business men of a higher status often imposes on his mind the opinions and valuations of his employers. The structure of commercial life makes no such ample provision for free discussion and for combination among clerks as is furnished by the factory, the railway, the mine, the printing house. Even where large numbers are employed in the same building, the conditions of their work, as well as a more reticent and timid disposition, are unfavorable to political organisation.

But there are deeper-seated causes of Conservatism in the mode of living and of thinking prevalent among clerks. Physically less robust than the mechanic classes, pinched more closely by conventional expenditure in their narrow income, subject to a higher nervous tension in their work, when the buoyancy of youth has passed away, and the burdens of a family and of middle-age settle down on them, they throw aside active aspirations for betterment, and play for safety in every item of their personal policy. Their conduct, views, and feelings become as conventional and unobtrusive as possible. The mean monotony of the long, uniform suburban street, with its identical bow-windows, patch of garden, and front palings, has entered into their soul. The hopelessness which a writer in the "Westminster Gazette" noted amongst the grey streets of the Tyne-side is a still more paralysing influence in these suburban streets. The clerk's economic situation is actually more precarious than that of most skilled mechanics, and he realises it. The public-house, the club, the music-hall, sport, usually mean less to him, especially as years advance. His energies are absorbed between the grinding efforts to do his daily work and keep his job, and the pull of domesticity, not destitute of wholesome joys, but haunted by financial fears.

So far as politics give entry into such a life, what form are they likely to take? Fear will be the dominant motive, fear of the tax-collector, of the foreigner, of trade depression, mob violence, or anything that may seem to threaten his hold upon a livelihood. The meagre character of his education leaves him the undefended victim of the specious phraseology of alarm which the Yellow Press has learnt so well to fabricate. Though of all men he has most to lose, both in his capacity of producer and consumer, from Tariff Reform, its claims and

its enthusiasms have captured him more largely than any other class. For though fear is a main ingredient in his politics, it is crossed and blended with other feelings of more positive and stimulative content. Imperialism of the shallow, garish order feeds certain elements of combativeness and vague grandiose patriotism that flourish best in persons of sheltered life and sedentary occupation.

Infected by such notions, the politics and economics of the middle-aged clerk become irrational to a quite unusual degree. Floated upon fear and suspicion, the shallowest reasoning convinces best. There is no difficulty in persuading him that he, and not his landlord, bears all the burden of the rates, and that nations like Germany and America, which are to him geographical expressions, are battenning in prosperity upon the carcasses of dying British industries. Such appears to be the essential conservatism of the clerk. Is it incurable and unchangeable? We certainly see considerable signs of change, especially in London. For in these Liberal and Labor victories at the polls, the clerk, as well as the artisan and laborer, must have taken part. Perhaps the better opportunities both for technical and higher education, now more widely accessible, are beginning to give clerks a keener perception of their true interests, and of the political forces which may help to improve their status, by leading them into closer and more sympathetic co-operation with the great reforming movement of the working-classes.

#### THE FAILURE OF THE YOUNG TURKS.

WHEN the Young Turks made their revolution, the prophets who attempted to cast their horoscope might have been divided into two classes. There were those who said, with a most unkindly shaking of the head, "It is a gallant but impossible task. The brave effort has come too late. These men are intellectuals and theorists. Their own broad religious views, their fraternisation with Christians and Jews, their doctrinaire habit of thought, will damn them before long in the eyes of the great Moslem mass. It will endure them until it has understood the real meaning of the change, and then it will overthrow them, and revert to chaos and reaction." The rival view was that which we, on the whole, took ourselves in the early months of the new *régime*. We foresaw the grave material difficulties which it would encounter in handling financial and economic questions. It was obvious that it would have to struggle against the inert, barbaric conservatism of the Turkish masses. But we believed that it had behind it two forces which, united, must be irresistible—the organised power of Liberal civilian intelligence, and the disciplined power of an army which is the only relatively efficient institution in the Empire. Both forecasts seem, when we look back upon them from the vantage ground of the experience of recent months, to be a curiously naïve misreading of the situation. The danger which faces the Young Turks comes now from any quarter save that which all of us dreaded. If their *régime* goes to pieces, it will not be the old-world unreasoning fanaticism

of the Old Turk and the orthodox Mohammedan which will destroy it. It has largely cleared itself from any local prejudice based on the assumption that it represents a Liberal movement. It has, in consequence, lost heavily in prestige in the West, but what it has lost abroad it has gained at home. Whether, on the balance, this complete transformation in its prospects will make for its stability, we should hesitate to say with certainty. It will have grave trouble with some or all of the non-Turkish races. It may involve itself in a Balkan war. It will probably have to face a near approach to bankruptcy. But, in the absence of any united and concerted action by the European Powers, it may survive the trials which will come from these adverse conditions. It has managed to assure to itself the confidence of the ruling race, and that, in Turkey, is the first essential for the survival of any Government. The dominant mood among the Moslem population is unquestionably one of assertiveness and Chauvinism. It thinks mainly of strengthening its army and its navy. It is proud of the smart, well-clad soldiers whom it sees, for the first time, in clean uniforms with boots on their feet. It is proud to own ships which can sail. It gathers in great mass-meetings to subscribe for the purchase of yet more ships, and pours jewels and trinkets into the patriotic fund. It looks eagerly forward to the prospect of chastising Greece or Bulgaria—whichever it may be more convenient to tackle first. It is, apparently, quite unconcerned by the loss of English and French sympathy. It believes that Turkey is strong enough to stand by herself, and, for the rest, it counts on the Triple Alliance. The ideal of fraternisation has been more or less discarded. Even in Salonica, the home of the Committee, and the centre of Masonic influence, it is now possible for Nazim Bey, a doctor, a man of education, a Positivist by conviction, and one of the leaders and heroes of the revolution, whom London *fêted* in company with Ahmet Riza, to appear in public and declare, amid applause, that it is absurd to talk of equality between Moslems and Christians.

We must beware, in the face of such a disappointment as this, of any angry or exaggerated pessimism. It is well to face the fact that it is an ideal of energy, efficiency, and domination which has triumphed, and not an ideal of Liberalism. But something has been gained in the process. The Ottoman Chamber is, at all events, a free platform for debate. The discussions of this week go to show that there is a considerable minority, mainly Christian, but partly Turkish, which dares to arraign the Government of the day for its offences against liberty, its ill-usage of subject-races, and the errors of its foreign policy. So long as any tradition of free speech remains in the Chamber, there is, at least, a nucleus of opposition from which a better *régime* may, in time, be evolved. At present we doubt whether these forces deserve to be considered in any serious reckoning of possibilities. The Ministry of Hakki Pasha is neither popular nor strong, and at any moment it may fall or suffer reconstruction. But, while the minority dislikes it for its Chauvinism, the compact Turkish majority, under the guidance of the Committee, distrusts it because it is not Chauvinistic enough. We



have before us a series of documents which have reached us from English and other European friends, as well as from Bulgarians, which give the most dismal picture of Macedonia. But while this evidence suffices to rob us of the sympathy which we ungrudgingly gave to the Young Turks, we remember too distinctly the condition of European Turkey towards 1903 and 1904 to adopt the exaggerations of the Christians themselves, who are now ready to declare that there has been no change for the better. Property, for one thing, is at last relatively safe. New or abandoned fields are coming into cultivation, and everywhere houses are being built, and trade revives. A relatively efficient despotism is clearly preferable to a slovenly tyranny. Nor, in spite of the cruelties which are still practised, can we forget to apply the measure of past experience. One reads of eleven violent deaths during the beatings and tortures that attended the process of disarming Macedonia. But our memory of Macedonia goes back to a time when the violent deaths used to average two hundred a month.

With this warning against exaggeration, however, we have said all that we are disposed to say in favor of the Young Turks. They are not so bad as Abdul Hamid, and they may take what comfort they can from that eulogy. There are as yet no massacres in Macedonia. There is also no internecine warfare among the Christian races, because the Young Turks have been so impartial in the oppressions that Bulgars, Greeks, and Albanians are united in detesting them as the common enemy. For the rest, the wholesale arrests on suspicion, the wholesale beatings on suspicion, the torture by the bastinado, the twisted rope, and the boiling egg placed under the victim's armpits go on as before. The prisons are crowded, and even outside the prisons the public brutalities continue. One letter speaks of the flogging of Albanian chiefs in the presence of their wives. Another describes how the cries of beaten men may be heard in the market-place itself. A third describes how educated officers in neat uniforms will taunt Bulgarian priests with their race and their religion, while the soldiers beat them before their flock. A fourth letter even states that the *gendarmes* are advising the peasantry to embrace Islam, and hints at the fear of forced conversions. After recording such gross brutalities as these, it seems almost an anti-climax to state that the hopeful educational work of the Albanians has been ruthlessly and totally destroyed.

The revolution brought two years of liberty. Vernacular schools sprang up even in wild mountain villages. Emigrants returned from Boston or Bucharest and founded here a normal college, there a public library, and beside it a printing press. All this has been swept away. The schools are closed, the presses confiscated, and from Constantinople the fiat has gone forth that if the Albanians desire to cultivate their language at all, they must use for its Aryan vocabulary the sacred but totally unsuitable medium of the Arabic script. A Government which commits itself to such a policy as this makes itself the enemy of civilisation. It may say, if it pleases, that the officers who encourage flogging and torture have exceeded their instructions. But for the ruin of the promising beginnings of a native

culture in Albania, Constantinople alone is to blame. The Young Turks have many difficulties before them—with the financiers and with the diplomatists of the Triple Entente. They have contrived so to ruin their prestige with Western Liberals that no effective protest can now be raised if European Governments, for egoistic reasons, adopt a harsh or step-motherly attitude. We have always held that their ability to establish civilised government in Macedonia and Albania was the touchstone of their capacity. They have miserably failed, and we doubt whether the feeble evidence of a promise to amend, which has been perceptible during the past two weeks, will authorise a less decided verdict against them.

#### MR. BALFOUR'S THIRD DEFEAT.

MR. BALFOUR has now led the Conservative Party into two defeats in consecutive elections, and it seems inevitable that he should head its flight in a third. This is almost a record in political disaster. Mr. Chamberlain may have achieved a more sensational wreckage, for he has had both parties to play upon, and all the chieftains who live in the later annals of Toryism—Peel, Derby, Disraeli, Salisbury—were associated with rebuffs as memorable as their victories. But that is the common lot of the great partisan. A despot may rule for life; but the art of persuading his fellows can only be learned by the man who has had to endure long intervals of contempt and rejection. The test of leadership would seem to be that even in his darkest hour the true captain of men should still inspire confidence in his "star." That was the gift of William III. among generals, and of Disraeli and Gladstone among politicians. And it is the very quality which Mr. Balfour seems to lack. He can attract, he can even excite, his followers. The House of Commons can be whipped into a *furor* of admiration of his dialectical skill. He can extricate himself, with remarkable agility, from all the minor passes of life. But give him a real battle, a straightforward contact with masses of average wills and intelligences, and he is hopelessly embarrassed for want both of the combative and the divining power. He has, in this contest, committed nearly every error of which a political leader is capable. He has changed front in the midst of a hot engagement. He has dispirited his best troops. He has suddenly presented complicated, unknown, and indefinite issues instead of simple, familiar, and clear ones. Bad as his generalship has been, it is obvious that it does not even possess the poor merit of being his own. Lacking a plan, he has gone to an Aulic Council for one; lacking convictions, he has merely picked up words caught from any claptrap phrase-monger who came along.

All these moves, therefore, have had the air of hastily improvised tactics. Mr. Balfour is not anxious about the future. We doubt whether he has any real fears of the Veto Bill, or of the Budget, or of the progress of social reform. He is at once too acute and too refined a man to be moved by Lord Rosebery's vulgar fears for property. He knows that the temper of the

British people forbids the revolution which he affects to forebode, and that no British party which can arise within the next twenty years is in the least degree likely to promote it. But, thanks to his languid and unpractical temperament, he has had to meet a great national emergency entirely unprepared with a policy. His intellect had given him accurate information on two issues. He knew that he could not defend the House of Lords. And he knew that Protection was side-tracked, and that he, who never believed in it, could not force it in face of the constitutional question. Had the matter rested with him, he would doubtless have negotiated an agreement over the Conference. When the "wild peers" blocked that one path to safety, he had to choose between a reversion to Toryism proper and a plunge into the unknown. It is impossible to withhold a measure of sympathy from a leader with a following at once so impatient and so uninstructed. He has had to reap the tares that Mr. Chamberlain sowed. Mr. Balfour's fault was that he let the bad crop grow till it choked the good, and that since then he has merely snatched at flying expedients pressed upon him by inexperienced advisers. For the dearth of competent helpers he has himself to thank. He emptied his Cabinet and his party of the best brains, young and old, it contained, with the result that to-day in the House of Commons effective opposition to Liberalism comes almost exclusively from himself.

Shiftlessness such as this places Mr. Balfour out of the category of great party leaders. A democratic statesman must possess some central fire of his own, or he must be a vigilant guardian of the flame in others. Mr. Balfour has neither quality. "Trust the people!" was the motto which flamed over his meeting at Chester. We are sure that he did not suggest it. We trust whom we know, and what does Mr. Balfour know of the people? No over-mastering impulse, such as pity for the lot of the common folk, or a passion for political or social justice, or a genius for reconstructive and ameliorative statesmanship, drives him forward, and yet average modern Toryism, consisting, in the main, of an always shifting combination of interests, must bore him. What is he to do with it? He sets it an infinite series of intellectual puzzles. He leads it up to the verge of the enemy's trenches, and then calls it back. He assents to everything and originates nothing. He permits the House of Lords to purge itself—on paper. He then propounds a plan, the Referendum, which, in fact, supersedes it, and makes, not for the reform at which he affects to aim, but for absolute abolition, and the establishment of Single-Chamber Government, checked by a *plébiscite*. For it is clear that, if the Referendum is applied, as in common fairness it must be applied, under conditions of equality between the two parties, the House of Lords, a grossly partisan body, cannot put it into operation. Representative rule cannot be hobbled hand and foot; one check or another may be applied, but not both. Mr. Balfour would, doubtless, like to put an unending series of conundrums to the electors. But he cannot have given a day's thought to the subject, or he would not have suggested that a system which, in Switzerland, is worked by a class of head-clerks

or Minister-bureaucrats, who frame "projects of law" for overhauling by a very small, compact, well-educated democracy, could be adapted to the needs of the most finished type of representative government in the world. Probably he fancied that he would never be called on to prescribe his own remedy, and all he hoped to get out of it was the trouble to be produced in the Liberal ranks by a lowering of the majority of January last. But here again he has merely engendered the moral confusion which followed on his first equivocation over Protection. For, while he has probably brought back a few old followers to the Tory standards, because they thought the postponement of Tariff Reform sincere, he has only kept his Protectionists because they have sworn openly or secretly that, so far as in them lies, his "pledge" shall be held to be worthless. Or, as the "Manchester Guardian" wittily puts it, one section of Tories pleads for Tory votes on the ground that Mr. Balfour has really run away from Protection, the other on the ground that he has not run away, but is only pretending. We have, therefore, entered on the second stage of the interminable dissection of the Balfourian mind by his own disciples, each section of which is bent on making good its own reading of it. Was ever so futile a career?

The question is what is gained by such backward and forward play with a man's own friends? With Mr. Balfour, politics become trivial up to the point where they touch trickery. In place of broad issues, the nation is led into narrow half-lit by-ways of thought, by a man whose veins seem filled less with warm blood than with a kind of thin intellectual ichor. The facts of popular existence present themselves to him, not as part of the vivid and incessantly changing movement of life, for which the poet and philanthropist feel an immense tenderness, and the true statesman an immense responsibility, but as puzzles in word-spinning applied to party management. So while other hands set the real levers going, he fingers them, checks them a little, and hopes to get a balance to his mind. Such moral coldness repels the conscience, just as so futile and essentially helpless a reliance on "tactics" affronts the intelligence. Look at Mr. Balfour's handling of Protection, and compare it with Peel's. To Peel it was a flesh-and-blood problem; to Mr. Balfour (who had never thought about it at all) it was an inconvenient apparition, which would vanish if he used the right-seeming metaphysical spells. He is weaving them still; and now he is trying to charm away the House of Lords and persuade the people, with the still more volatile Rosebery, that it has ceased to exist. Had he possessed true foresight and strength of character, he might have kept it within bounds during the life of the Liberal Government of 1906, and postponed for years its now inevitable and fast-approaching ruin. Of such sober and practical calculation he is incapable, and therefore the measure of his ingenious intellect is the measure of his uselessness to the Tory Party. He can neither lead them nor hold them; he has even taught them, with the lesson of five years ago fresh in their memories, to look to their present exclusion from office as a lesser evil than sharing it with so purposeless a man.

## Life and Letters.

### "ALL THE WINNERS!"

It was nearly midnight in the Strand. Rain had fallen for three days and nights, almost without stopping. The street was deep in liquid slime, and, with upturned skirts and trousers, the crowds from theatres and music-halls were wading home. They were wading home, but another crowd stood still. They stood from the gutter to the middle of the road, for a line of policemen in front of them kept the footpath clear. The rain fell upon them, the wind blew, the taxi and the motor-bus bespattered them with mud, their clothes steamed, their boots squelched audibly, restaurants and public-houses were beginning to shut, they were far from home, and still they stood.

Their eyes were fixed upon three great windows, and, through the glass, they looked into a large, well-lighted, well-warmed room, where clerks and various boys were busy. But to the crowd there was only one man who counted. Quite at ease in his shirt-sleeves, he sat upon a long table and devoured fragments of bread and cold bacon from a plate at his side, now and then taking a draught from a large mug of tea. He neither smiled nor spoke, but every few minutes he seized a large square of paper handed him by a clerk, dabbed two corners with paste, and keeping it carefully folded together so that it might not be read too soon, scrutinised the windows for the most convenient place, ran up a step-ladder, munching all the time, and, rapidly opening the square of paper, stuck it on the glass. Then, without a sign of emotion, he returned to his supper.

He returned without a sign of emotion, but he was the messenger of the country's fate, and the crowd hung on his movements in watchful expectation. As he mounted the steps, there was a hush, and all at once drew in their breath. As the placard expanded, they gasped and murmured. If it announced "no change," they were silent—rather strangely, for to one side or other "no change" always meant a victory. But if the word "gain" appeared, half the crowd shouted together for joy, like the angels at Creation. They shouted just as loudly when the "gain" was won by four or five votes, though the numbers showed that close upon half of their fellow-countrymen entirely disagreed with them. That made no difference. "Liberal Gain," "Unionist Gain"—up went the placard. The messenger of fate returned to his bacon, the rain descended, the wind blew, mud was scattered in showers, and the political crowd sang together like the morning stars.

No doubt, it was partly sport. Even upon the country's fate a gamble is good sport, and the placards afford the same kind of delight as betting on the tape about horses that nobody present has seen. But no one can deny political interest to the crowds that gather in the Strand, or Fleet Street, or Trafalgar Square, or wherever else throughout the town and country placards or lanterns or other devices announce the winners in the flat-race for the House. Even the crowds that swarm the smoking-rooms of political clubs display political interest, though they remain warm and dry, and can satisfy the hunger and thirst that emotion usually produces. There they sit or stand at ease, greeting with comfortable cheers or groans the successes and failures of their party. Such is the political zeal which freedom, slowly broadening down from the saddles of Runnymede to the club armchairs, has unquestionably evolved. But we venture to think that a friend of ours displays a zeal of finer intensity. He dare not go to street or club. He could no more watch the placards posted than he could watch an execution, with the munching man in shirt-sleeves for hangman. He walks suburban lanes, half hoping that a bird of the air will carry him the matter. He comes back by Tube, for, perhaps, someone will tell him suddenly and unawares. He paces the study in resolute hesitation, sleeplessly anxious lest he should lose his sleep. He

creeps into bed, and draws the clothes over him, like a child afraid of the dark. "It is all over now," he says to himself; "one way or other it is settled, and I may just as well enjoy a few more hours' peace." He again calculates the chances in every dubious constituency, and his calculations always point the road to national and spiritual calamity. In the morning he comes down and sees the newspaper lying on the doormat. For a messenger of fate it looks strangely calm. He puts it on the breakfast table, but determines to read his letters first. Then he has breakfast, for fear the news should spoil his appetite, but all the time he eyes that innocent folded paper as though it were a cobra. At last, in an agony of resolution, he tears it open, and, like an electrocuting flash, the truth strikes him in the face.

To him we must allow the higher patriotism. His zeal for the country's welfare is not adulterated with any pleasure of betting on the tape. It is a personal thing, coming home, not only to his business, but to his bosom. It stirs in him the heartfelt emotion of a lover who keeps the decisive letter for a day and night in his pocket and under his pillow before he dares to open it—the heartfelt emotion of the sufferer who walks to and fro in front of a dentist's door before he dares to ring. Not all the tortures of the Inquisition or the unimagined pains of Purgatory are to be compared with the anguish of hesitation, and expectancy is but a passive hesitation: it is hesitation reversed. Many cannot endure to await the firing of a big gun, even when it is pointed in the opposite direction, and is loaded only with blank. But to our friend those placards of election results, posted on windows in the Strand, are whole batteries of guns, each in succession trained upon his heart, to miss or to strike him full. Successive moments of such agonising expectation he could not face. He would rather have all the full truth burst on him at once, as though the massed guns of the troops were fired by a single string. With the resolution of the Swiss who gathered the harvest of Austrian spears into his breast, he tears the morning paper open and learns the worst.

Under the strain of such expectation, the mind plays many queer tricks. Sometimes it longs for knowledge, and clamors for the truth, the whole truth, all at once. "I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news," sighed Juliet to the nurse. "Ram down thy fruitful tidings in mine ears," cried Cleopatra to the messenger from Rome. But usually we find a strange desire to postpone the knowledge, even when the event has already happened and the knowledge of it can make no difference to the fact. A ship had been a fortnight out at sea, going south to the point of danger in the Empire. The passengers were engaged in the usual games, quarrels, and flirtations. Suddenly there came a speck on the horizon. The whisper went round that it was the homeward mail, with tidings of peace or war. That whisper was like a reveille, a knocking at the door, a summons to reality. Games, quarrels, and flirtations ceased at once. All stood along the port side waiting. Nearer and nearer she came, throwing up the splash of foam, driving hard through a brown squall of rain; and, perhaps, there was no one aboard who did not wish she might vanish like a phantom. The pipes screamed, and up went the signal, "What news?" Still she came nearer, and the ships still rushed to meet. Her officers could be seen getting ready the flags, and up they ran—three or four fluttering scraps of colored rag. "War certain" was the word they spelt. For they also were the messengers of fate, and to every passenger on board the whole of existence was changed.

Such completeness of change is always feared, and nearly everyone dreads to put his fortune to the touch, while the touch is still to come. That is what gives the most commonplace messenger—the man in his shirt-sleeves, the folded newspaper, and the fluttering rags—such a queer significance. The messenger is quite unreasonably loved or hated in accordance with his news. We know how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings: but if his tidings were bad, his feet would look quite ordinary, or even hideous. The messenger who brought the news of Antony's mar-



riage was innocent, but some innocents, cried Cleopatra, 'scape not the thunderbolt.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipped with wire and stewed in brine.

Smarting in lingering pickle.

We do not actually treat the messengers of our electoral losses in that way, for very few love their party with the same passion that Cleopatra felt for Antony. But one would not trust a messenger of party disaster with our friend Politicus. We are afraid he might give him only threepence, instead of half-a-crown.

Still stranger than the unreason of blessing or cursing the messenger according to his tidings, and of cherishing or crumpling up the scrap of paper on which the words are written, is the desire to postpone the knowledge even of great joy. Dickens had a story of a young wife who was going back to America with a baby that her husband had not seen. All the voyage she walked the deck, rejoicing in the delight of meeting at the port, wondering whether he would know the baby if he met it in a crowd, and otherwise behaving with proper ecstasy. But when at last the port was reached, and she saw her husband actually standing on the quay, she ran below and hid herself and the baby in the cabin. Expectancy of joy or sorrow, flooding all existence with the change, causes this apprehension, and the woman who, at the Leicester races, staked a shilling on a shiny black horse, and died of joy at the moment of his victory, might well have desired to postpone her pleasure. But, in mentioning rapture of that kind, we are passing beyond the limits of electoral results. At all events, we have never heard of anyone dying for joy at news of a "gain." We have never heard of even a candidate dying of joy, though the gain was his own.

#### THE PERSONALITY OF MRS. EDDY.

A RARE conjunction of personal qualities and favoring circumstances is required to make intelligible the career of Mrs. Eddy, the foundress of the new and popular religion which claims millions of adherents in America. For every successful religion a personality, a creed, and an organisation are necessary. What differentiates Christian Science from other religions is the peculiar combination of these three essentials, rendered feasible by the conditions of the age and of American civilisation. The separate study of Mrs. Eddy's character, whether as portrayed by friends or enemies, sheds little light on her achievement. Weakly and prone to violent hysterical seizures in her youth, she seems to have discovered early a strong faculty of getting those around her to do what she wanted, and to make her the chief centre of their solicitude. But plenty of women in America and elsewhere have shown this faculty. Worshipful biographers have done their best to pave the early steps of a saintly life with incidents and sayings premonitory of a divine mission. But there is no real evidence of anything but a restless, moody, rather vain, and very domineering woman, who, after two rash and unsuccessful experiments in matrimony, settled down upon her family, and sought cure and consolation by studying spiritualism, hypnotism, and kindred gospels, which in the mid-century were sprouting in New England. Amid these floundering researches she came upon the teaching of Phineas P. Quimby, a faith-healer, to whose personality she attached herself as pupil, and from whose writings she certainly derived the distinctive doctrines which she developed into Christian Science. Where Quimby and others failed, she succeeded. But this personal factor must not lead us to ignore the rich spiritual mould, formed partly by the decay of old primitive beliefs, partly by the state of education and intelligence in New England, which made possible the rapid growth of the new religion. In most countries, after a

decline of orthodox faith, the old formulas and rites retain sufficient power to exclude the appeal of new ideas. But in America, with no established church, a mixed and changing population containing an unusually large proportion of adventurous minds has always shown itself susceptible to strong spiritual suggestions. Authority and accepted usage have been more lightly held in all departments of thought and conduct. America presents what may be termed a very wide middle-class mind with an exceedingly low flash-point. A new idea catches on more easily and quickly, irrespective of its intrinsic worth, than in any European country. Nor is this by any means confined to religious ideas. Business notions, political, scientific, and artistic notions lie thick in the air; the average mind lies open to them, and they compete incessantly and assiduously for its possession.

All this, of course, belongs to the familiar conception of America as the land of experiment and of opportunity. In the sprouting of religions which belongs to this process, it is only to be expected that one should achieve rapid eminence, feeding on the others and nourishing itself at their expense. Christian science is simply the most populous member of a large species of new religions, competing to meet a set of spiritual requirements belonging to the time. What are these requirements? The ordinary life of America is intensely materialistic and absorbingly utilitarian. This evokes a correspondingly intense reaction towards extravagant idealism. What was a lofty transcendentalism in the little cultured Unitarian society of Boston and Concord, assumed a cruder and extremer form in less instructed circles. The tradesmen and shoemakers of the thriving manufacturing town of Lynn, where Mrs. Eddy first made her mark, required something very different from the magnificent speculations of prophet Alcott. A dogmatic, explicit idealism, with some definitely tangible benefits attached, such was the demand. If spirit alone is real, matter is unreal; if spirit is good, matter is evil; if spirit is power, matter, and particularly the form of matter with which spirit stands in close immediate contact, the human body, is impotent. It was this last implication of the creed, the subjugation of body by mind, that won attention.

A spiritual service which should give a man complete control over his body is no novelty. Eastern thought teemed with such ideas. But they meant asceticism, a repression of the physical functions. Now, no American idealism could succeed by inculcating asceticism. All the healthy animal desires and instincts must have free play. Spiritual control must be directed simply to the repression of disease. The body must not wither, but flourish, in spite of its unreality. If the formulation of the world in spiritual terms, and the dwelling upon the power of the divine or human mind can help to cure disease and to restore health, that is evidently a science, a religion, a philosophy worth having. It is a religion, not for a dim, distant, speculative afterworld, but for the here and now. For a people falling more and more under the dominion of the doctor and the druggist, consuming their care and time and money more and more in safeguarding the body, "Science and Health" was, indeed, a fascinating doctrine. By asserting the dominion of mind, it appeared a gospel of liberation to thousands conscious of their growing servitude to body. It nourished intellectual pride, by feigning to apply the teaching of authoritative psychology and metaphysics. And by restoring the priest to his full pristine dignity as medicine-man, it economised the doctor's fees.

But though the motives of exponents and adherents alike may be considered blends of sentimental psychology and manifest self-interest, such an explanation would be quite inadequate. Christian Science cannot be explained as mere credulity and dupery. It contains an important element of neglected truth, in its stress on the existence of great spiritual forces in the universe upon which feeble man may draw, not only for moral, but for physical, restoration. Though much of this teaching lies embedded in the early doctrines and practices of the orthodox churches, it has been allowed

to pass into abeyance. So far as Christian Science revives the recognition of the sovereignty of spirit, even for the ordering of many processes which seem purely material in their manifestations, it has the wisdom of the ages on its side.

The more temperate expression of this truth by some of the teachers in the Higher Thought movement, does, indeed, furnish a most valuable corrective to the too materialistic trend of modern biology, and even of the ethics and sociology that are built thereon. Speculative though it be, the hypothesis of the existence of a virtually infinite fund of spiritual power accessible for the invigoration and wholesome control of all departments of our life, bringing health and harmony into the living tissue of a universe, which, under the crassest forms of matter, remains fundamentally and finally spiritual, needs continual restatement in the terms of new thought and experience. Nor can the modes of practice advocated by these schools be dismissed as mere jugglery and self-deception. The power of language to assert ideas, to stimulate emotions, is undeniable. Nor can it be questioned but that the sanest psychology of modern times finds, in the play of the emotions, the main motive power for the conduct and control of life, the meeting place of the spiritual and physical forces in human nature. Words must surely be a chief instrument in any attempt to organise our thought and feeling for whatever purpose. And yet it is precisely this instrument which may easily be perverted to our undoing. For words which we would use so easily turn upon us and become our masters. And in all the earlier stages of the ascent of man the peril is imminent.

It is here that the falsity of Mrs. Eddy's influence appears. By a distorted and mixed use of the language of psychology and religion, she strove to impose a doctrine of the relations of spirit and matter, mind and body, so audacious as to stampede ill-educated impressionable people into a formal acceptance, from which they found it difficult to withdraw. The very force of the paradox keeps them bound in a steel chain. Having once committed themselves to a wholesale "denial" of half the realities of life, the formula of this denial and its detached applications becomes a mere matter of routine. They thus find that they have purchased a certain amount of ease and cheerfulness of mind and deportment by paralysing judgment and sophisticating all the sharp antitheses of human experience. For disease, evil, sin, and sorrow are real enemies of man, and, if he is to conquer them, he must retain as vital a sense of their reality as of the powers he uses to combat them. Such an objection, of course, is unmeaning, as every objection *ex hypothesi* must be, to the Christian Scientist. But for any human creed to pass out of the range of possible criticism, is itself a crowning condemnation. In the long run, such a teaching inflicts the gravest of all injuries upon the spiritual life, the injury of parody.

But the true personal power of Mrs. Eddy must, we think, be seen not so much in the clever selection and adjustment of attractive notions, as in their business organisation. In the age of Trusts, she showed herself the Rockefeller of religion. Taking into consideration the area of its operations, and the multitude of its contributors, the Christian Science Church may be considered the greatest business achievement of the age. As an economic institution it is far more centralised than the Church of Rome. During the effective years of her later life Mrs. Eddy wielded absolute power over every profitable detail of the business, and the continuance of her autocracy will presumably descend unimpaired to the little inner group who have learnt the art of government from this mistress of spiritual finance.

#### THE GREY NOVEL.

It seems already a reminiscence, veiled in the dim mists of youth, that we, who are living to-day, engaged in hot controversy over the merits of Zola and the Realists. We clutch the table to assure ourselves of tangible fact, or

run to the mirror to make certain of our own identity at the recollection of that distant dispute. For to-day it is with an effort that we remember that Zola was ever called a Realist at all. He was, indeed, a plodding student of facts which the story-teller is wont to resign without envy or curiosity to the economist, the social reformer, or the pathologist. He had a conscience which a statistician or a nursery governess might have coveted. He had a zest in work which was much more French than his style. But the spirit of the Realist was not in him. He sought the lurid and the outrageous. He had a naive delight in gross crimes and strange sins which would better have become a Greek tragedian, or an Elizabethan dramatist. There was, for him, a House of Atreus in every French provincial town. A miracle, a war, a revolution, the death of a drunkard by spontaneous combustion, an illicit love within the limits of affinity prescribed by Canon Law—are these the themes of realism? To be a Realist, it is not enough that one should write in prose. Wordsworth could manage it in a lyric. Nor does it suffice to study the slums and shops and mines and hospitals, which the conventional romantic has usually neglected. Hugo could dip into the underworld. Dostoevsky could rummage in garrets, and both of them were princes of romance. "Verily," said the Caliph, "this is a wonderful occurrence, and worthy to be recorded in a book." So long as that is our motto, we are still in the climate of Bagdad, and all we write is an Arabian tale. Romance is the search for the black tulip and the Holy Grail, but it is no less romance when it hunts for the two-headed chicken and the bearded woman. It is the delight in the exceptional, it is the impulse to fill our books with remarkable occurrences. It is the instinct that what is interesting is the thing that does not happen every day. It is the spirit which the halfpenny journalist shares with Dumas and Walter Scott.

We have at last among us a true and notable realist, and the strange thing is that the world has received him with a cordial welcome, yet without controversy and without a sense of the greatness and uniqueness of his achievement. When Arnold Bennett wrote "The Old Wives' Tale," the discerning critic had no hesitation in placing him among the masters, and ranking his novel among the real books of our generation. It was life without drawing-rooms. It was story-telling without conventions. Above all, it gave what is rarest in the novel of any literature—a sense of the massive continuity of human existence. Here was no hasty episode, no brief romance, no distilled essence of a single life. It was a history that marched with steady steps over the decades and the generations. In the background was the peculiar hard clay of a pottery town. One watched its red brick growing black with the years. Railways invaded its customs and its isolation; it evolved by slow changes from its mid-Victorian slowness to the brisk modernity of motor-cars. The tale centred round a drapery store, and three generations came and went as it developed new methods of business. The story had its brief love episodes, which fitted themselves within its framework, subordinate to all the crowded variety of life. It was a conscious and complete revolt against the individualism of romance. Whole libraries are filled with the records of the brave attempt which young men and women make to achieve in passion an individuality which passion itself destroys. But here was a novel which saw life on an epic scale. Tolstoy, indeed, had produced the same sense of vast interactions in "War and Peace." That, too, is a novel with a whole society for its hero. But Arnold Bennett had been content to dispense with any great historic motive. His hero was not an empire at war, but a hum-drum pottery town at peace. Yet, with his grey material and his smoky background, he gave the same sense of marching generations and continuous life. Other novelists have attempted to describe this same lower middle-class life. Dickens dived in it for humor and pathos. Mr. Wells has used it once and again to illustrate a Fabian criticism of our whole social system. But here was a chronicle from within, which took the existence of the chapel and the shop at its own valuation, followed its fortunes with an entire seriousness, made of



it neither a cosmic tragedy nor a critical comedy, and was content to tell us how life used two young girls with marked, though by no means exceptional, temperaments. The triumph of the book is that its texture is woven for the most part of incidents which are the habitual daily happenings of a class which leads the least varied existence in the most tedious of all environments. Yet the realisation is so vivid, the character-drawing so sure, the fitting of cause and effect so rice, the sense of a broad current of human life on which these unimportant persons are slowly borne along so impressive and so over-mastering, that the book achieves the interest of a great historical study.

"The Old Wives' Tale" was not, however, an austere example of realism. It did not wholly disdain the "wonderful occurrence" which the Arabian Caliph would have counselled his chronicler to set down in a book. It varies the habitual life which it seeks to represent, and relieves the monotony of the pottery town with much that is exotic, and a little that is far from being typical or diurnal. There is a murder, for example, superbly conceived indeed, and with a rare and intimate psychology. It is a murder which seems inevitable, and it leaves the murderer with no blood upon his hands. There is also a long episode in the siege of Paris, a masterly fragment, that almost shocks by its wilful refusal to employ the conventional romantic material which such a theme suggests. It is the siege without glory or tragedy, the siege as the little shopkeeper and the mistress of a pension saw it, a problem in domestic economy. A further book on the same great scale has proved Mr. Bennett's ability to dispense even with these sparing borrowings from romance. "Clayhanger" is not, perhaps, so absorbing a tale, but it is an even more interesting literary adventure. One never quits the pottery town. One never stirs from the shop, save to migrate to a suburban villa as the fortunes of the shop expand. The temperaments of the chief persons are even less exceptional. The happenings are even less abnormal—the sinking of a warehouse floor, a Sunday-school jubilee, a jilting of a young man by a young woman, the slow death of an old man by softening of the brain, the return of the young woman after many years, and the reward of the young man's sulky fidelity. It happens every day. One could believe that nothing else happens, so inevitable is it all. There is hardly a character who escapes commonplace, unless it be the mysterious young woman, and her, for very shame, the author keeps in the background. The story is nothing but the biography of a young man of moderate vitality, deficient in self-assertiveness, with refined tastes, and domestic instincts, who grows to manhood in a printer's shop, under the dominion of a rather oppressive, self-made father. One hardly knows what most to admire in the book—the mastery of the descriptive passages, which present the old-world pottery and the old-world workhouse of the hungry 'forties, the bitter, truthful pen which draws the Sunday-school jubilee and the strike, the affectionate portraiture that sketches some of the minor characters, the strong, rough sculpture that hews out old Clayhanger for us, the almost autobiographical and introspective intimacy with which we learn to know his son. But it is in no one detail that the book is great. It is great because it makes important and absorbing and intelligible the common life of common people in a common town.

It is by reason of their curiously selfless quality that these novels of Mr. Bennett's are unique. Other writers we have had, who turned with a transient and fallible realism of method to similar themes. George Douglas left behind him the one book in our language which has an almost Russian sharpness and passion of vision. But "The House with the Green Shutters" is an emotional outbreak. It is a furious dissection of the Lowland Scot by a Lowland Scot. It is a great shout of anger, in which the author seems to be avenging the less typical Scot of all the ages upon the rampant and combative persons of the more typical Scots who have dominated them. Gissing worked in the same grey material, but nearly always with the stimulus of a rancor against the accidents of life, which gives his books a

harsh vitality, while it robs them of objectivity. But Mr. Bennett, sensitive though he is, and neither pitiless nor cold, has achieved the calmness of a scientific treatise. He neither praises nor blames. He is content to understand. His characters are intensely individual. They are typical only in the sense that they are never persons of unusual genius or rare sensibility. They are not the literary or artistic temperaments whom the second-class novelist paints by preference, because he must always project himself upon his canvas. The defect of his work is, indeed, that he has suppressed himself so completely that his books hardly retain an emotional unity. They express no attitude towards life, still less a view of life. One can more readily guess what manner of man he is from a brilliant *jeu d'esprit* like "Buried Alive," than from one of these elaborate novels, into which he has packed all the maturity of his experience, and all the labor of his artistic ambition. They are disembodied experience, a chronicle without an author. Here at least is realism. It is not the crude flinging down of masses of fact. It is the urbane arrangement of facts. It is the setting forth of the whole process of normal life as a notable intellect has seen it, an intellect that is big enough to have lost interest in itself. These ultimately are the men and women who matter. These in the last resort are the nation. You find them dull? You ask for ideas? But these are the people for whom the absorbing business of living is enough. They move from generation to generation. They are the changing town. They are sons and fathers, and their continuity beneath its slight external variations is human life. It is only the pessimism of other-worldliness which can find the spectacle uninteresting.

#### ON SOME FRENCH PICTURE-BOOKS.

"UNCLE DICK," said a little girl of three, recently, to the writer of these lines, "if you won't show me those books, I think an accident 'll happen to you." The remark was full of the delightful inconsequent egotism of childhood. The looking at these particular picture-books, illustrating French nursery rhymes and children's songs, has long been part of the daily routine which age does not wither nor custom stale. "Show books, show books," is the daily after-breakfast cry. In response to this appeal, how often do the daily papers go unread! We open the books, and at once we are far from London and the twentieth century, in that happy country, la vieille France, any time between the Jacquerie and the Revolution.

Let the reader come with us this December morning. The fog lifts, the frost thaws. London vanishes, and Lincolnshire too. We are in the Place at Amboise. M. Jules Lemaitre, if we remember, says that the Loire is the true French river. The genius of France, the soul of French history, hovers surely above the bridge at Amboise, amid the swallows. Amboise is France. On the Place at Amboise, with that delightful inn at the corner, in sight of the château, and the bridge and the river, under the quaint old houses, in and out amid the straight row of green trees, all the old-world figures of French nursery rhymes dance an unending farandole in a continual September. "Sur la Place d'Amboise," to vary the rhyme, "tout le monde y danse en rond." We all know and love those figures. There is the King of Yvetot in his cotton nightcap, Cadet Rousselle equipped for the chase, the little Bergère in blue with her white sheep, the Maid with her sabots passing through Lorraine, King Dagobert, Frère Jacques with his big bell, and how many more! In the corner are the musicians with their fiddles, seated on chairs placed on the top of empty wine-casks, as you may see them anywhere about provincial France. One of them has taken off a red hat like a cardinal's and hung it on a green branch of the tree above his head.

We turn the pages, and go from province to province of that contented country. Here is the village wedding procession, just as you may see it any day in Brittany. The musicians lead the way with their instru-



ments, the Breton wedding music, "le biniou et la bombarde."

"Gai, gai, marions-nous,  
Mettons nous donc en ménage."

Here is the table spread for all the village in the open air, loaded with bottles of cider and white wine, now mostly empty, as the last revellers, with laborious steadiness, effect a reluctant withdrawal.

"Allez-vous-en, gens de la noce,  
Allez-vous-en, chacun chez vous,  
Notre fille est mariée,  
Nous n'avons plus besoin de vous."

This, too, is a village in Basse-Bretagne, where the Divine Mendicant asks alms, holding out a big, battered hat; we know every detail of that village very well: the grey clocher, the carts standing in the street, the cocks and hens about the doors. The next picture is in Normandy; the pierced spire, in and out of which the birds fly, is surely that of St. Pierre at Caen. The people are coming out of church.

"Alleluia, la Messe est dite,  
Chacun court à sa marmite,  
Monsieur le Curé a son repas,  
Alleluia."

But the landscape of the most charming of old-world rhymes, "Si le Roy m'avait donné," is that of the Ile-de-France. Henry of Navarre, with his great white plume, sits on his white horse and casts a sinister eye on the shrinking little girl whom the boy in red supports with one arm, while with the other he waves a red hat with a certain frightened angry courtesy at the King. Over his shoulder is slung some sort of old-world fiddle; he belongs, no doubt, to that "tenth order," as a stern medieval moralist described the minstrels, when comparing the various estates of men in the Holy Church with the nine orders of Angels. In the distance one sees the poplars by the Seine, and the towers of Notre Dame.

In "Sur le Pont du Nord" we are far down in the South. All the inhabitants of some little town of the Midi are dancing on a bridge hung with many-colored paper lanterns beneath a huge moon on a breathless summer night. The history jars a little amid these scenes. Adèle, as is well known, was forbidden by her mother to attend this ball; her brother came with a boat to convey her to the bridge in defiance of the maternal command. The boat capsized, and they both were drowned.

"Voilà le sort des enfants obstinés,"

says the moral cautionary rhyme.

The first French children's rhyme an English child hears is generally "Frère Jacques."

"Frère Jacques, père Jacques,  
Dormez-vous, dormez-vous,  
Sonnez me les matines,  
Din-din-dong."

Here the brethren are seen passing in Indian file into the little church with their great brown cowls, their shaven crowns, and long white beards; an immense bluebottle fly has settled on the nose of the last, and completely blots it out. This detail never fails to arouse delight. The scenery all about is of the Seine. Above the church towers a great castle. Hard by is a mulberry tree, a ladder against its trunk for gathering the fruit. On a distant height on the other side of the river is a windmill. How often, by the way, in these rhymes, does a windmill figure!—"Meunier, tu dors," and again, "La meunière est bien malade." More than a blacksmith's forge, more even than a ship in full sail, a windmill seems the most delightful of all ancient human things. The writer lives in a level waste, out of which two noble landmarks rose a year ago—a church tower and a windmill. He looked out one morning, and saw that while the tower still stood, the mill was gone. It had been there for two hundred years. "They're pulling down about two a month in this part of the country," he was told.

This is the Market at Chartres, the Market at Vannes. Who does not know the forest of green umbrellas, the market where they sell things that you really want to buy, not agricultural implements, but

bright-colored pots and pans, and fruit and flowers, and all sorts of good things to eat?

"J'ai des poules à vendre  
Des rouges et des blanches,  
À quat' sous, à quat' sous,  
Marie, Marie, tournez-vous."

All this went on so in the days of the League. Amid such scenes as these pictures show, if one had been going about France in the late summer of 1572, one might have heard the distant rumor of the Saint Bartholomew, in the hot August night, over one's supper and white wine, in some rustic wayside inn beside the Loire.

The little girl who sees the books each morning prefers more purely fantastic things. Her especial joy is "Arlequin marie sa fille." Here they all are, the crippled Notary, the one-eyed Mayor, Columbine, Polichinelle, the bridegroom Pierrot:—

"Arlequin marie sa fille,  
Grosse et grosse et bien gentille.  
Il lui donne en mariage,  
Du pain sec et du fromage,  
Et du sel plein son sabot,  
Ab! riguingette! ab! riguingo!"

Through the Fronde, through the wearisome controversies of the Jansenists, through the Bull Unigenitus, through the magniloquent versification of Racine and Corneille, these puppets played.

The nurse, la nourrice, in her blue apron and white coiffe, incarnates in herself the gaiety and sanity of the French people. She has preserved and handed down from generation to generation all this traditional nursery lore. She sits by the baby in the great wooden cradle, which has itself come down from the time of Henri-Quatre and St. Francis de Sales, and tells stories of brigands, and sings her berceuses. Her stories change like pictures in the fire, when a mulberry tree of flame around which children dance turns into a ruined Arch of Caracalla, under which bandits go. She tells of Floribert and Margot, who climbed up the bell-rope into the belfry on Easter Eve, when all the bells of Christendom leave their towers and fly to Rome. The air is full of them, as of birds or bees. The weathercock flies before them, as the children ride through the air on the great bell. More thrilling still is the story of the old woman whom the brigands cut in two and throw into the fire, and who jumps up and dances amid the flames. Pomme d'Api carries her father's dinner through the woods, where all sorts of fungi, champignons, and chanterelles, and cèpes, and mousserons grow at the foot of the trees. Under the mushrooms live tiny elfin men. She tells, too, the history of the Princess Liseron, who fell among the snails:—

"Adieu, mon pauvre Père,  
Le Roi des Escargots  
M'a fait prisonnière,  
Et je mourrai bien tôt."

So she sings, and the baby sleeps. All these things, and many others, may be read of in these delightful books.

## Short Studies.

JULES ZWINGER.

THE probability is that, if you arrive by train and see first the Restaurant of the Station, you will stay at Zwinger's; if you come into the town by road, crossing the bridge that spans the harbor, and see first the Restaurant of Zwinger, you will put up at the Restaurant of the Station.

Assuming that you stay at Zwinger's, this is what happens. The carrier of your bag (who looks like a fisherman, and walks like a fisherman, but is not a fisherman) throws it down outside the restaurant, and, sinking on one of the green iron chairs, groans aloud a protest against the scheme by which one has to work ere one can gain five pence; he rolls a cigarette of black tobacco, and strikes a match which makes other customers choke and cough. Then comes, leisurely, one of the Misses Zwinger, accepting salutations with the austere air of a

lady bored by deference. Miss Zwinger, without asking the desires or wishes of the new arrival, engages in swift and shrill altercation with a dog, hitherto inoffensive, and occupied with the duties of an explorer at the kerb; the dog goes, but, at a safe distance, expresses an opinion by four sharp barks, that bring from every corner of the triangular market-place, and especially from the Town Hall at the base, several dogs, to whom he explains the grievance.

"You require?"

Miss Zwinger calls her sister from the sanded floor interior to help with the task of fending off an insurgent boarder. The restaurant is full; you may be able to engage a furnished room opposite; why not go to the hotel out in the forest? It is preferred, at this season, to take only those who wish to stay for a month; would a double-bedded room suit? Finally, having finished the duet, they leave, with a twirl of skirts, giving the centre of the stage, so to speak, to a short, grim, black-capped man who, hands deep in trousers pockets, talks as one giving an imitation of distant thunder. Outside clients rise from their chairs, inside customers put down ribald journals with pictures intended to be amusing, and come out to enjoy themselves. Here comes the final test of the novice.

I have seen young couples, husbands and wives, or brothers and sisters, turn out of the narrow lane and, recognising Zwinger's, say instantly,

"Oh, my goodness! This will never do!"

Others (and these especially when ladies have been of the party) have retired after the contest with the Misses Zwinger. Some, surviving this encounter, turn and run, trembling and affrighted, on being faced by the uncompromising host himself. A few (mostly artists) survive all of the dangers, and are grudgingly permitted to carry their bags up a narrow wooden staircase, and find a room, the number of which has been screamed at them: in the room they discover a milk jug nearly half-full of water, and a small damp piece of linen riding on the clothes-horse. Apart from these defects, I will say that Zwinger's, once conquered, gives in, so far as bedroom and meals are concerned, with a fairly good grace.

Dinner in the large room at the back (entrance gained by way of the kitchen) is a good, sufficient meal, to which it is only necessary to bring the appetite to be gained by wandering in the woods, or the brisk ride in tramcars from the sea. Framed paintings on the wall, and paintings on the wall with no frames, some a trifle obscured by age, and possessing the signatures of men no longer youthful. Four tables up and down the room; the table on the right reserved for a set of young women who, at the beginning of the evening meal, talk so persistently of the contributions they have made during the day to the Art of England and America, that one's French neighbor, with serviette tucked in at throat, can, I fear, scarcely hear himself eat his soup.

"Most awfully pleased with what I've done to-day. If the light hadn't begun to go off—"

"I'm like that, too. Sometimes I simply can't do anything, and then, another time—"

"My dear, the model was too comic for anything. Talking all the time. If I'd only understood what he was saying, I could write a book about him, and that's a fact!"

"Absolutely in love with the place. Could stay here for a whole week, only I must be getting along."

The serving of the meal has a touch of over-emphasis that sometimes startles those who possess nerves: after a while, one becomes accustomed to the method of banging each dish on the table with a clatter. It is no exaggeration, but the mere truth to say that, a request being made for more bread, a chunk is cut from the yard-long loaves and thrown at the diner; with practice, a certain dexterity can be gained, especially by those expert in the cricket field. Five courses to the meal, and now and again between two, a considerable interval, whilst the Zwinger family and its dependents have a row in the kitchen, the guests sitting back patiently until the last word is uttered. The nice question of allotting this last word is one not easy to decide,

for when the rumbling bass of Zwinger has fired what appears to be a parting shot, and the girls return to the dining-room with plates, and guests pull chairs forward, one of the young women may think of another argument, and the two go back to the kitchen, where the dispute recommences. The quarrel finally at an end, the Zwinger ladies come in, scarlet as a result of animated discussion, and they serve the next course with more than usual truculence. Boarders go outside to take their coffee and to smoke, eyed narrowly, as they pass through, by Zwinger, to be joined at tables on the pavement by wonderful youths in corduroy suits, which suggest that they are either artists with a definite aim in life, or porters belonging to the railway of the North.

You can always tell at Zwinger's a new arrival by the circumstance that, after taking some thought in regard to the arrangement and wording of the phrase, he advances to the counter, where Zwinger scowls in a manner that excuses the acidity of contents of some of the bottles ranged there.

"It makes good weather," remarks the new arrival, cheerily.

Zwinger replies with an ejaculated grunt.

"Many of the world here?"

Zwinger—a most difficult speaker to report with accuracy—says something like "S-a-t!"

"If you will have the kindness to give me a good cigar."

Zwinger pushes a box forward, and the perplexed new arrival, tempted, I am sure, to fall back on Ollendorf, and to ask for the new inkstand of his great-uncle, refrains from further speech, and tempts the fates by making selection from the compartment marked 15 c. Outside he, on explaining his grievance, ascertains that he has no need to feel specially dishonored by the gruffness accorded to him. Zwinger must not be considered with the eye that one gives to, say, the manager of the Carlton away in London. Zwinger (declare the hopeful) may be right enough once you get to know him. Zwinger (admit the candid) is certainly trying, but you have to put up with something in coming to a quiet place of this kind. The tramcars clang, and hoot, and screw across the market-place, and provide a more pleasing subject for conversation.

Disappearance of the curfew bell might have been coincident with the entry of Zwinger into public life. At a quarter past ten, he shows signs of restlessness, jerking commands to the long man-servant, keeping at the doorway a keen eye on the round tables. As each becomes free, Zwinger orders it, with its chairs, to be taken inside, and, although he permits himself to exhibit no signs of gratification, I am certain he feels secretly pleased when small parties of young men come across, and, finding no place, give up their original intention. If they endeavor to pass through the doorway, Zwinger, taking no notice of them, remains there so stolidly that they are compelled to take notice of him. I have seen him snatch newspapers from the hands of those who appeared disinclined to observe the face of the clock: I have observed him give a hint to an occupied chair by kicking it. He turns down the lights, one by one. In desperate cases, where a couple of young Englishmen, with the conventional ideas of the license enjoyed at restaurants abroad, fill a fresh pipe, I have seen him take a broom, and, with a few resolute strokes, send them choking and half-blinded from the restaurant. When a late-stayer, with an idea of making a good and amiable exit, says, in departing,

"Good-night to the company!"

Zwinger responds with one of those grunts not to be found in any French or English dictionary. Everyone gone, he takes a black cigar from the case, orders the girls to go to bed, and, at the doorway, stands a good half-hour in order to enjoy the satisfaction of saying, when anyone arrives,

"Closed!"

Bad luck for any resident who returns so late that Zwinger has retired to rest. For him, the restaurant presents no light, and, if he cares to be well advised, he will give up the attempt at once and spend the hours on the bridge, smelling the tide, and watching the flash-

light that sweeps round from a point on the coast. Should he prove obstinate, and persist in knocking, he is engaged on a lengthy sport; the worst thing that can happen is that Zwinger himself, and not the long man-servant, should come down presently to give admission. Cheerful blades have, ere this, on the door being opened, tried to meet Zwinger with a pleasantry, affecting to have brought the milk, or giving an imitation of the crowing of a cock, but a look from Zwinger arrests. Others, less daring and more diplomatic, rush past, snatch their candlestick from the counter, and vanish with the celerity easy to those possessed by sudden fear. The next morning they go out by the side door, take a roundabout route to gain the other side of the marketplace, cross the bridge and hide in the forest. There is a report (which some credit, but I do not) of one daring young man, leaving after a stay of six weeks, during which time the proprietor exchanged no word with him; in going, he suddenly dropped his kit bag, seized Zwinger by the hand, wrung the hand with enthusiasm for the space of nearly a minute, thanking the astonished Zwinger the while for great amiability and kindness, and genial behavior; expressing a fervent hope that Zwinger, when visiting Chelsea, would not fail to call at the Art Club in Church Street. The statement is that this was done for a bet. Those who assume it to be true are forced to admit that France, with all its stirring history, has rarely seen a braver act.

Yet I, who write these words, have seen the proprietor for one whole day change his outlook, reverse his manner, alter his deportment. The day came rather late in the season, and nearly everyone had left, but corroborative evidence can be called if necessary. The night before, a hint, broad without being deep, was given by the Misses Zwinger to the effect that no guarantee existed that meals would be provided on the day: they pointed out the example which would be adopted by some other boarders, of catching the 10.23 in the morning to a neighboring town, returning in the evening by the 9.48. Throughout the night, from half-past ten until an hour I am unable to fix, the noise of sawing, the thud of hammer and nails, went on in the restaurant, with all the usual arguments that arise when carpentry has to be done. Clatter and contention, bustle and loud voices; Zwinger, himself, growling now and again to express dissatisfaction with everything. I remember that, by the device of making sympathetic inquiries after rheumatism, it was possible in the morning to get from cook a roll and a cup of coffee, and to escape from the din, which had re-commenced, through the convenient side door, and jump on the last carriage of a tram-train that went out to the sea. At one o'clock, the return.

A crowd outside Zwinger's. A crowd made up of frock-coated men, with red ribbon in button-hole; men in full evening dress, silk hats (some of which appeared, from their shapes, to be the results of investments in the 'eighties), a few bowler hats coming well down to the ears; boots, in certain instances, shining and pointed, in others more substantial, with dust collected from high roads. Much lifting of these silk hats and these bowlers, with extraordinary deference on the part of many, beaming condescension on the part of the rest; an evident desire with the prosperous to set the remainder at their ease. Inside the restaurant, long tables set on trestles, that accounted for the turbulent proceedings which had broken the night, flowers in every spare mug, vase, or glass: flags dependent from the ceiling; the Misses Zwinger, costumed as though about to run on in musical comedy. Through the kitchen came, pulling his white tie, and pushing in one side of a shirt-front that immediately bulged out on the other side, Zwinger himself. A new Zwinger, a Zwinger I had never seen before, a smile in every crease of his features, saluting me with a light, friendly touch on the shoulder.

"What magnificent weather! Ah, how fortunate we are! Monsieur will do us the honor to sit down with us? But yes. I count upon you! Marie, Jeannette!"

He gave sprightly orders to his girls, and passed out to be received with something that resembled long-

continued cheers. All came in ten minutes later, Zwinger leading the way, and escorting a prosperous man with the figure of an American desk, who, in acknowledging my bow, gave to himself a third chin. Zwinger, having placed him at the top of one of the long tables, bustled around, urging the rest to take their seats, giving a shout of welcome to late comers, and presently taking a chair at the lower end of the second long table with myself on his right, a Mr. Honoré on his left.

"Much flattered!" said Mr. Honoré, accepting the introduction.

"Seated," declared Zwinger of himself, jovially, "seated between two good friends."

Red wine stood on the white-clothed tables, and this gave me a moment of depression, until Zwinger, on soup being cleared, whispered to me a re-assuring word, and I found that, despite the similarity of labels, the contents of the bottles had no resemblance or likeness to the beverage usually supplied. Talk up and down the tables was mainly of births, marriages, and deaths, with, now and again, a description of the recent illness. Also, the state of trade and the condition of agriculture, and a few references to politics, so guarded that I knew it could not be a lunch given in the interests of any political party. I asked a question.

"Wait!" said Zwinger, mysteriously.

I give you my word of honor that he winked.

At the end of the meal—a good meal, well cooked, and served in a way that had nothing of the slap-dash-bang to which one was accustomed in the dining-room—Zwinger went around with cigars, pressing the best and longest upon the acceptance of the company, detained frequently in the course of his tour by affectionate greetings, by honest congratulations on the meal. He spoke in the ear of the Chairman—a Sub-Prefect, so Mr. Honoré assured me, nothing less—and scuttled back to his seat just in time to assume an attitude of listening as the Chairman rose.

We were assembled, said the Chairman, to honor and acclaim once more the day of September, that was ever in our hearts (Very good). We were assembled to do honor to those who fought with us on that great day, and fell beside us for the honor and glory of France (Very good, very good). We were here—The Chairman called gesture to the aid of eloquence, swinging his left arm with a backward movement; guests leaned forward to miss nothing, their faces becoming flushed as he proceeded, eyes filling as he recited the names of those who had gone from this world since the last meeting. His rapidity of utterance increased: the guests panted as they followed eagerly: one man rose in his excitement, and neighbors pulled him down. At the door of the kitchen, the two girls, bearing trays of coffee, waited, trembling with excitement so that the cups rattled. A perfect cascade of phrases; glory, country, honor, comrades, revenge, every word rushing past the others, and then Zwinger sprang to his feet, echoed the toast wildly, and, holding his glass, clinked it with mine, clinked it with Mr. Honoré's, saluted the company, drank, and sat down.

\* \* \*

The carpenters were early at work the following morning, joining thus to their duties the functions of an alarm clock. As I went out for a stroll at eight o'clock, intending to go so far as the fringe of the woods and back, I saw Zwinger walking up and down outside the restaurant, his hands deep in jacket pockets.

"My felicitations," I said, cheerily, "on the enormous success of—"

Zwinger gave one of his monosyllables that express disinclination for speech, disinclination to listen to speech from other people. Turning, he slipped away.

W. PETT RIDGE.

## The Drama.

### "KILLING NO MURDER."

MR. LAURENCE IRVING describes his play, "The Unwritten Law," as "founded on" Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment." It would perhaps have been wiser



to say "suggested by"; for admirers of Dostoevsky, who go to the theatre expecting to see a dramatisation of "Crime and Punishment," are likely to find themselves rather out of their reckoning. I am not complaining of Mr. Irving's radical remodelling of the Russian novel; I am merely warning anyone who has it all clear in his mind, that he had better get it out of his mind before going to see the play. Expectation baffled is apt to cause a feeling of disappointment, even if the reality is better than the thing expected. My own recollections of Dostoevsky are rather misty, for the book did not very deeply impress me; but it is pretty clear that in attempting, as it were, to rationalise the story (a process no doubt necessary for theatrical purposes) Mr. Irving has had to omit or alter practically everything that made it so peculiar, and, to some people, so fascinating.

The Raskolnikoff of the play is an amateur of murder as a fine art, and as a condition precedent to social progress. He has written an article to prove that nothing worth doing can be done without the sacrifice of human life. We are not permitted to go very deep into his argument; but we may suspect a certain breach of continuity between the ideas of "sacrifice of life" and "assassination." Be this as it may, he very soon finds an opportunity of putting in practice his theory of humanitarian homicide. The landlord of his lodging-house, Gromoff by name, is a usurer and a brute. He threatens to evict a poor girl named Sonia Martinova, with her two little sisters, unless she will consent to remain on humiliating conditions. Raskolnikoff feels that the world would be much better without such a ruffian, and does not pause to inquire whether the world would be much better if we all made ourselves judges and executioners of "the unwritten law." He takes an axe, which the maidservant has left in his room, and proceeds to split the skull of the objectionable Gromoff. Then he finds to his amazement—so, at least, I interpret the case—that his conviction of moral rectitude does not still the tumult of his nerves, or enable him to cover his tracks with the calm intellectual superiority on which he had counted. He falls into an abject condition of horror at the recollection of his deed, and dread at the thought of discovery. In his uncontrollable state of panic he does everything he can to "give himself away"; and the play would very quickly be over, were it not that the investigation of the crime is confided to a "juge d'instruction" who has a mania for extracting a confession from the criminals who fall into his clutches. Bezak—that is the magistrate's name—pursues all sorts of tortuous courses in order to wring a confession from Raskolnikoff, and, in the meantime, very nearly lets him slip through his fingers. At last, however, through the influence of the angelic Sonia, who does not appreciate the theory of humanitarian homicide, Raskolnikoff is induced to confess; and we are given to understand that, after five years spent in seclusion, he will be restored to Sonia and to society.

We may, I think, put all thought of Dostoevsky aside, and simply inquire whether this is, in itself, a good play—interesting as a drama, convincing as a study in the psychology of homicide. To the first branch of the question, the answer may fairly be in the affirmative. The play is far from uninteresting, and is, both in aim and achievement, distinctly above the level of mere melodrama. But when we come to inquire into the plausibility either of Raskolnikoff's character, or of the proceedings of Bezak, we have to make very large reservations. One cannot but suspect that Mr. Irving's conception of his hero is colored by his hereditary aptitude for the portrayal of nervous over-tension and shuddering horror. It would be hard to conceive anyone less fitted than this Raskolnikoff for playing the part of the assassin-superman. We are all vain, no doubt, and apt to underrate the difficulty of arts we have never tried; but this young man's vanity in holding himself specially fitted for the art of murder is baseless beyond expression. He has no homicidal talent whatever. His proceedings after the deed are hopelessly inept, and he publishes his guilt in every look and gesture. From this point of view, I am a little uneasy as to the moral effect of the play. True, it warns us against over-

weening confidence in our genius for manslaughter; but the instance presented is so extravagant that it might quite well have the opposite effect. I do not know, indeed, why I use the conditional mood, instead of boldly avowing that it had quite the wrong effect upon one of the audience—myself. Hitherto, I have not particularly fancied myself in the character of a murderer; but, after seeing "The Unwritten Law," I feel quite sure that I should manage things infinitely better than this poor jumpy Raskolnikoff. I am not exactly tempted to make the experiment; at any time of life, one hesitates to embark on a new career; but on younger and more sporting spirits, who know what the effect of the play might be? There is one thing, however, to be borne in mind: the British amateur assassin could not reckon on having to deal with such an accommodating detective as Bezak. Entering Raskolnikoff's room, he finds him in a dead faint, and assures himself, by examining the unconscious man's fingers, that they are cut, as he knows that the assassin's must have been. What does he do then? Does he search the room for further proofs of guilt, which, as a matter of fact, are strewn around in abundance? No; he is far above such vulgar curiosity. It is his joy and pride to extort a confession from his victim by dint of sheer bluff; and he despises the aid of circumstantial evidence. Thus the action reduces itself to a contest between a singularly inefficient murderer and a monomaniac detective. It makes one feel that the contest between an efficient murderer and a detective worthy of his steel would make an absorbing play—but a quite different play from this.

If we accept Mr. Irving's conception of Raskolnikoff as a Russian Orestes, with the Furies ever on his track, we cannot but admit that his performance is both picturesque and powerful—the best piece of acting, I think, that he has as yet given us. The part of Sonia is terribly conventional, and it is not Miss Mabel Hackney's fault that she could not make her very credible or very interesting. Mr. Dalziel Heron showed some originality and force in his rendering of the eccentric Bezak.

One of the worst effects of the system of actor-management is that it tends to check the natural development of the dramatists who fall under its influence. How many promising talents have come to a dead stop at its "Thus far shalt thou go and no further"! I am sadly afraid that this is the case of Mr. Hubert Henry Davies. Up to "The Mollusc" he may be said to have progressed steadily, but since then his work has been very disappointing. In writing "A Single Man," at the Playhouse, he was evidently not moved by any impulse to utter a thought, or to study a character, or even to elaborate a situation; his one end and aim was to provide a part for Mr. Cyril Maude. This he has done agreeably and acceptably enough. The comedy is bright, inoffensive, shallow. It is a variation of the old Cinderella theme, in which the Prince—represented for the nonce by a popular novelist and literary man—eludes the wiles of a scheming minx, gets over his passing fancy for an irrepressible hoyden, and at last marries the humble little secretary who has mutely adored him for years. Cinderella, being played by Miss Hilda Trevelyan, is a delightful little figure, but scarcely a character. The hoyden is preternaturally stupid, and the minx is exaggerated beyond all reason. A fourth lady, who is the Prince's sister-in-law, and therefore out of the running for the matrimonial stakes, has more real character than any of the others, and is cleverly played by Miss Mary Jarrold. Mr. Maude is, of course, very quaint and amusing, but, oh! so unlike any conceivable man of letters.

The Shakespeare Memorial programme presented last week at the Haymarket calls for no criticism beyond the bare statement that "George Paston's" low-life, droll "Stuffing" is singularly able and entertaining; that Mr. Barrie's "Slice of Life" is a quite delightful jibe at the machine-made problem-play; and that Mr. Shaw's "Dark Lady of the Sonnets" is an amusing piece of *l'es-majesté*, for which he ought by rights to be sent to

the Tower. But Shakespeare would have laughed at it, and I don't see why Mr. Frank Harris should not do likewise.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## Communications.

### WHAT BIRMINGHAM IS THINKING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Anyone living in the midst of Birmingham, and knowing what life means for the many married men who earn but a pound a week, might well be puzzled to know how it is that they can be led so easily to the polls to vote for anything in the shape of Tariff Reform and against the principles of land taxation, and Liberalism in general.

Most people, of course, put it down to the influence of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, but others, estimating local factors more correctly, perhaps, attribute such conduct even more largely to the results of reading the Birmingham "Daily Mail." The Press of the country is, we know, just at present largely in the hands of the Conservative or Unionist Party, and yet cannot prevent at times a brilliant Liberal Parliamentary majority; but in Birmingham, at night, when most people read their news, no Liberal halfpenny paper is ever available. So, day by day, men get it dinned into them that the absence of Tariff Reform alone prevents abounding prosperity in the city. And every misfortune is attributed to the misdeeds of the Liberal Party, the wicked Radicals. Even the owner of some low-rented houses, who suffered from a tramway company trebling its fares, expounded for us, the other day, in the local paper, how really it was all due to Lloyd George. The well-to-do Liberals meet together and laugh at the absurdity of all this, but the poorer Liberals—poorer in pocket but not in spirit—need time, if not determination, amidst domestic difficulties, to get to know what their party men have to say, and to realise fully the strength of the great main points for which Liberals are contending.

Why do not Birmingham one-pound-a-week men—and there are many good men whose earnings do not, for the year, average more—show up better at the polls for Liberalism? One would think that the shrewdness of the wives ought alone to be able to counteract the visionary optimism of sunset tariff quackery. But there may be a factor not always easy to show. How if the poor men, hardest hit by the rising cost of life, are not getting their votes on account of their constant necessity to change their quarters? Would it make no more difference here than in the North? It has been said that in the North the middle-classes are more broad-minded and generous than they are in the South and in the Midlands. Somehow it seems difficult to imagine the firm of Cheeryble Brothers located in Birmingham and still more difficult to think of their preaching the Gospel of Tariffs.

The favorite argument with Birmingham men is that they suffer so dreadfully from competition. It is this terrible competition, and not in the least any dearth of supreme business ability, that is preventing the generous employers paying more wages. If only the employers could be made richer, everyone would flourish like a green bay tree. It is never said that most employers understand the art of keeping increased wealth for themselves; nor is it ever shown how greatly the increasing cost of things, even without unnecessary taxes on them, is bound, sooner or later, to tell against the poor man, with his periods of unemployment, his increasing age, his obligations and responsibilities. For Tariff Reformers it is quite sufficient if, for a period, some men get higher wages. They make their appeal largely to the class of men who are always open to improve their position by "laying odds." Yet who is likely to win when half the people are either too young or too old to earn more, and are certain to cost more? In the matter of taxation of land values, why should the local man vote against Lloyd George? Can he possibly understand that every £1-a-week-man living in Birmingham, when he pays his rent, is now paying 8s. 4d. more than he ought to do for every £1 8s. 4d. he pays to his landlord; and that

the Lloyd George tax is intended as the first step towards the removal of this utterly unjust local taxation?

It is certainly not widely enough known in modern Birmingham that for the really poor man the Liberals have now, as ever, the most widely fair and generous programme; nor that the House of Lords never has been, and never can be, Liberal; nor yet again that the men who earn most money from poor men's rentals are regarded as ideal men for the House of Lords, and peculiarly capable of acting as unbiassed judges even when their own interests are concerned.

If Birmingham thinks its poor men can afford to ignore all efforts to prevent the artificial inflation of prices, we can, too, hardly hope that it will show enthusiasm for the efforts of Liberal pioneers in other directions. But there is one Liberal, none too well known, who ought to appeal with great force to men brought up with old Birmingham traditions. The "little masters," once the pride and glory of Birmingham, have fallen on evil days, and no local man has ever expressed a belief, or even a hope, that the sturdy independence of the old craftsmen might be revived. Nor, indeed, would any well-wisher desire such a revival without proper safeguards against such a monopoly as that by which Mr. Chamberlain's firm crushed so many "small men." But let any thoughtful man read such a work as that by Mr. Henry Wolff, a member of the Reform Club, on "People's Banks," and see there what banking and co-operation have been actually capable of doing in many countries abroad, in rendering men independent of speculative capitalists. Moneylending in England, except among the well-to-do, is looked upon with anxiety or contempt. Banking, in the sense of lending money to the poorest men as a means of leading them to prosperity, is still thought of in England with derision. But, surely, if there are men in our great towns so anxious to improve their positions that they would be willing to pay dearer for all they had if they could but run a chance of getting better pay, it would be greatly wiser to hear first what might be done to make men, by "the capitalisation of honesty," the instruments of their own emancipation from undue poverty. Certainly let us have division of labor; but not to such an extent as to stop invention, add to the cost of life, and to the risks and burdens of the poorest men. Better it were surely to make many men more resourceful than a comparatively few manufacturers greatly richer.

But the £1-a-week Tariff Reformer is also said to be "Unionist." "Unionism" is held to be his really grandest political creed. As a matter of fact, however, among those Englishmen who, for any reason, are not earning good wages, or good profits, how many ever find time or inclination to oppose the wishes of Irishmen to look after their own affairs? Home Rule troubles no one in England except certain well-to-do people with Imperial pretensions. Indeed, does not the very word "Unionist" involve explanations of a tendency to overlook the interests of the poor at home?—Yours, &c.,

S. J. C.

December 6th, 1910.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As one who has for a long time been trying to convince those of his fellow-countrymen who are most immediately concerned that there is a good deal in war besides the weapons used in it and the drill methods of the combatants, I naturally turned with interested expectation to your article headed "The Psychology of War."

I may say that, though I have read Mr. Norman Angell's book, I have not seen the new and expanded edition of it ("The Great Illusion") with which your article deals. My purpose in writing is not to criticise a book that I have not read, but to question respectfully what you have accepted from it and made your own. You say, "Human nature, after all, does change, and nothing changes so rapidly." Nothing could well be more astonishing than this statement,

unless it be the assertions which are made to support it. You say that "we"—meaning thereby, I suppose, mankind at large, as your context indicates, and not merely present-day Englishmen of the educated classes—have given up (1) cannibalism, (2) making war about religion, and (3) duelling. Now, not one of these things was ever a common characteristic of human nature, and not one has been quite abandoned, even—when the conditions encourage them—by members of the most advanced nations.

Let us take the things in the order in which you place them. Cannibalism, though widely prevalent, was not universal, and did not arise until men—probably after a very long period—ceased to be strict, if forced, vegetarians. Generally, if not invariably, it was originally resorted to because of a scarcity of food—the long voyage of the first Maori immigrants into New Zealand supplies a case in point. It survived to a reduced extent after the food supply became sufficient and fairly certain, human flesh being used, not as an article of diet, but as an element in a religious rite. A valiant enemy's flesh was eaten, in order that his spirit might enter into the bodies of the eaters. I have known many cannibals, belonging to many different and widely separated tribes, and my inquiries always led to the same conclusion—viz., that, amongst them, human flesh was rarely eaten. They ate it about as often—if as often—as the lower middle-class Englishman eats venison. Besides, the practice is far from being extinct, as the history of present-day Haytiens shows. Even civilised white men, in our own days, when pressed by scarcity of food, resort to it; a fact well-known to those who are acquainted with the experiences of modern Arctic explorers, and mariners forced to abandon their ships in mid-ocean.

Mankind had reached an advanced stage of "civilisation," and had made many wars before the notion of making war about religion had been heard of. About the last thing that we are likely to associate with the names of Themistocles, Alexander, Hannibal, or Cesar, is that they engaged in war on that account. There was about as much religion in the wars of the Israelites, who settled in Palestine, as about the wars of the Englishmen who, in the seventeenth century, settled in North America. In both cases what was fought for was land. The early Mahomedan wars were wars of conquest much more than of religion. As the result showed, a desire to obtain large fiefs had quite as much to do with the Crusades as the advancement of Christianity. The foundation of the short-lived Latin Empire, at Constantinople, is an instructive practical commentary on the religious zeal of the leaders of the Fourth Crusade. Philip II.'s quarrel with Elizabeth was due to purely mundane motives. The so-called "Wars of Religion" in France were manifestations of the rivalry between Guise and Bourbon far more than of devotion to the faith. The series of conflicts known as the "Thirty Years' War" were begun by people who were quite as intent on maintaining their political rights as on preserving freedom of belief; and before they ended, Lutherans were supporting the Emperor and French Catholics the Protestant Princes. As far as religion can be regarded as an incentive to war, it is as operative now as ever. The Mahdi and his dervishes, with whom we contended so recently in the Soudan, ought, surely, to be included amongst mankind. They had strong religious feelings; but, even without them, they would have done their best to get rid of us. Careful observers at Constantinople just now are not likely to admit that a so-called "religious war" is impossible. The principal cause of war always is a desire, on one side, to gain territory, or influence, or wealth. Religion, to some extent, enters into it even in our own times. If Ultramontane sentiments had not got the upper hand at St. Cloud, there would probably have been no Franco-German War in 1870. Except on a small scale, such as the crusade against the Albigenses, it is doubtful if there ever has been a real war about religion. Consequently, making one cannot be regarded as a common characteristic of mankind, but rather as the product of passing feeling due to circumstances, which will produce it again if they recur.

Duelling originated in times when the injured could expect no redress from the law. Civilised man over great part of Asia has managed to get on without it, and did so

in Europe till the anarchy following the break-up of the Western Empire. The practice was confined to a single small class, and was far from being characteristic of men in general in the very countries in which it chiefly prevailed. In a degraded and often burlesque form it is still extant in most European countries; and the descendants of Anglo-Saxon settlers in some of the United States have by no means given it up, for the simple reason that they do not trust their courts to give them adequate redress for wrongs. Like cannibalism, it is a mere fashion, originating in circumstances which, if they were again experienced, would lead to its re-adoption.

The little I have seen of war as a participant or spectator has been quite enough to produce the conviction that at bottom human nature is exactly what it has always been, and that in the excitement of hostilities the distinction between the "highly-civilised" man and the savage gets very near to the imperceptible. Most people now would rather not have war, and most people were also opposed to war in the days of Alexander of Macedon or of Edward III., so that the present very general dislike of war proves nothing. Wars have always been brought on by a small minority; sometimes by a single Napoleon, sometimes by a sabre-rattling military clique, sometimes by a gang of greedy capitalists. So it is now and will be to-morrow.—Yours, &c.,

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

December 6th, 1910.

### POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his singular letter Mr. Robert Morley says of these pictures: "It is impossible to take them seriously." What justification can he possibly offer for a statement so contrary to the fact? Hundreds of the most cultivated minds in Europe take them seriously. As an example of a cultivated mind taking them seriously, Mr. Morley may be referred to your distinguished contributor, Mr. Roger Fry. One also thinks at once of Mr. Bernard Berenson. Mr. Berenson has been nourished on the great masters, and his position as the greatest living art-critic is not often seriously challenged. Yet Mr. Berenson takes these pictures seriously. In particular, he has professed a profound admiration for Matisse. Mr. Morley may argue that all art critics are insane, and that only the plain profane man can be trusted. But numbers of plain profane men take these pictures seriously. I do, for instance.

Mr. Michael Sadler demands: "Did Van Gogh burn with the same passion when he painted his boulevard as Cimabue when he painted his Madonna?" The answer is most emphatically, Yes! Let Mr. Sadler inquire into the details of Van Gogh's career.

The word "daub" has been applied to nearly all great pictures at different periods by spirits like Sir W. B. Richmond and Mr. Robert Morley; and both as a term of abuse and as an argument it is worn somewhat thin.—Yours, &c.,

59, Rue de Grenelle, Paris.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

December 7th, 1910.

### NATIONAL SERVICE LEAGUE AND LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I, as a Liberal member of this League, reply as briefly as possible to J. A. F.'s long attack? His letter does little more than ring the changes on a single thesis. The National Service League cannot be an open organisation, working honestly towards a non-party end, because so few Liberals have as yet joined it. Its primary object cannot possibly be "concern for the safety of the country; for such an object would unite Liberal and Tory alike." This is an ancient argument in politics; but I confidently anticipate that readers of THE NATION will not reverence its antiquity; for, indeed, it is undisguised Toryism to argue "My party has not taken it up, therefore it cannot be patriotic." To every true Liberal the real question must be: "Can this League justify itself on general principles of reason and common-sense?"

I joined it from the very first, because it advocated principles for which I was already spending money and time. I believed the gentlemen who protested that they were



working independently of party; and from my inside experience of the League, I can now vouch for facts which seem incredible to J. A. F., who deliberately keeps outside. Although (I am ashamed to say) I am nearly always in a considerable party minority on the platform, yet I have never heard or seen anything to make me doubt that N. S. L. members, like Suffragists, put the one object of their League before all, or nearly all, those questions which at present divide political parties. We are now willing to vote, with absolute impartiality, for any government which would give Great Britain an efficient and democratic system of national service. After that the League would be dissolved, and we should separate to fight each other on party questions.

I say advisedly, *democratic*, although the officials of the League do not, so far as I know, use a word which might be taken in a purely party sense. The thing itself is there, however, and we have the paradox that these Tories are earning J. A. F.'s abuse by contending for one of the most obvious duties and privileges of any real democracy. If fleets and armies are needed at all in these days, how do we show our Liberalism by shifting a necessary national burden from the shoulders of the many who could bear it with ease to those of the few who can only bear it very imperfectly? The recent advertisement of a small Brighton tradesman, "No Territorial need apply," is a damning comment on our present undemocratic system. It is the Labor Party which has given national service to Australia and is giving it to New Zealand. In the Swiss Republic no political party dares to contest the principle; and German Socialists, like Bebel, contend not against the compulsory principle, but for a national militia on Swiss lines. J. S. Mill put forward exactly the same plea for England in two letters of the year 1870, which J. A. F., had they been unsigned, would unquestionably have attributed to Lord Roberts. Adam Smith had no doubt that manhood service was the only sane principle; and Mazzini criticised the excessive individualism of the French Revolution for "destroying, from reverence for the rights of the individual, one of the most sacred duties of a citizen—the duty of defending the Fatherland by arms." What equally eminent Liberal names will J. A. F. set against these? Were these philosophers, are the Colonial Labor Leaders, men who wish "to bring the democracy once more into the leading-strings of the aristocracy," or "to infect the youth of the country with the poison of militarism?" If your correspondent will see for himself in Switzerland as I have done, or only talk with a few educated Swiss, he will realise how cheerfully this natural duty is accepted there, and how incompatible it is with "militarism" in any evil sense. The voter knows that if he shouted for war he would have to bear its risks in his own person. Every man is citizen first and soldier afterwards—soldier not to kill men, but, by the mere fact of his notorious business-like preparation, to make invasion foolish, and therefore impossible.

But is the N. S. L. really sincere in pleading for a purely defensive system under which no soldier could be ordered abroad? J. A. F. has convinced himself to the contrary because one of our Vice-Presidents, before the League was founded, declared himself in favor of the German out-and-out system! How, therefore, he asks, are we to believe Lord Curzon, speaking officially for the League, this year, and asserting "we are not advocates for conscription. We do not want to take a reluctant soldier [abroad]"? Now, I might ask in return, can we believe Mr. Asquith, speaking officially for the Government to-day, if one of his colleagues happened to express a different opinion, under quite different circumstances, eight years ago? The question supplies its own answer. If, with J. A. F., I distrusted the people so far as to believe they could be bamboozled by a Bill purporting to follow the Swiss system and really following the German, then I would gladly fight by his side against the N. S. L., but not with the same weapons.

*Non tali auxilio.*—Yours, &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

Eastbourne, December 4th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "J. A. F.," in THE NATION of November 26th, says that the contribution of Liberals "to the numerical success of the League is scarcely perceptible." Possibly he is right, and, if so, the explanation

is not far to seek. From the foundation of the League the Liberal Press of the country have refused to treat the question of compulsory military service as an open one, and have persistently attacked the League, and dubbed its members Tories and Tariff Reformers.

Some of the less worthy members of the League, it may be admitted, have striven to convert it into a Tory machine, but their support has been found not in the League, but among Liberal writers. On the part of the leaders of the League there has, I believe, been an honest endeavor to exclude party politics; but it is uphill work in face of the abuse of the Liberal Press.

A Free Trader and a Liberal for more than half a century, I have all along been in favor of compulsory military service; and I hope and believe it will come. It grieves me, therefore, to see the Liberal Press doing their best to make it a party question, and leaving to the Conservative Party the credit of working out such a national reform.

Your correspondent analyses the governing body of the League, but in doing so he only shows the strange indifference of Liberal leaders to a great question—indifference all the more remarkable when one remembers that among the earliest promoters of the movement there was no one more effective or persuasive than that Presbyterian Elder, the late Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P. for Flintshire, a man who commanded the respect, and I believe the affection, of all parties in the House of Commons, and who was a determined and consistent Liberal to the day of his death. I commend Mr. Smith's pamphlet to the attention of your correspondent and those who agree with him.

It would seem to be more patriotic to lend a hand at getting the reform carried out on sane and moderate lines than to point out inconsistencies in the arguments of its advocates. If one advocate of the League is more moderate than another, it ought to be a matter for satisfaction rather than reproach, because to that advocate the moderate and reasonable men might well be expected to rally when the time came for practical work. But if I correctly apprehend the matter, there is no inconsistency in the case which your correspondent has discovered. I do not think it is the policy of any advocate of the League to fill by compulsion the ranks of our small standing army which guards India and is ready to fight our battles in distant parts of the world; but the army compulsorily raised for home defence must be ready to go where the defensive blow can best be struck; and no wise man would wish the defensive army to linger in this country if the thing it was required to do could best be done across the Channel.

But talk of inconsistency! The most sturdy opponents of the League are in favor of compulsion. The "Westminster Gazette," that generally sane and admirable paper, hailed with immense satisfaction the determination of an insurance company to require any youth entering its service to join the Territorial Army. Compulsion by an arbitrary employer! Mr. Haldane himself, in addressing the London Rifle Brigade last year, spoke of the man who "did nothing for his country," and said, "if the time of need came, the country would no doubt show what it thought of him. Not improbably he would find a short and sharp Act of Parliament passed if war broke out, compelling him to train himself and do duty in some inconvenient part of the country where he would not have the prominence or the undoubted public esteem which was given to the man who trained himself as a Volunteer for the defence of his native land." Compulsion ignominious and ill-timed; thrust upon a man with scorn, and too late!

I fear I have trespassed too far on your valuable space, but I should like to add that I have found very few Liberals who were not ready to approve of compulsory military service when the question was put before them without party feeling; and I believe the Liberal Press of the country will find that in this matter they are lagging behind the people instead of leading them.—Yours, &c.,

J. C. LAMB.

Hampstead, December 5th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent "J. A. F." is, surely, characteristic of a mind too much given over to the party point of view.

There inheres in this, as in all such writing, not only

a certain intolerance of independent opinion, but a tendency to consider great questions of public policy, not on their intrinsic merits, but rather on the assumed merits or demerits of their protagonists. This habit, sound enough in moderation, becomes an evil in excess.

I find in this letter no apparent consciousness, assuredly no adequate recognition, that the writer simply as a citizen—whether Liberal or Tory matters not—owes it as a duty to his country to take a national and not a party view of the great problems of national safety and defence. When Lord Roberts asks his countrymen the plain question: "If it is a citizen's duty to defend his country in war, is it not his duty to learn to defend it in time of peace?" is it sufficient to answer that Lord Roberts is a Tory?

Is it less true to-day than when Gladstone said it, that "the great need of the English people is discipline"? It will be an ill day for Liberalism if it convinces Englishmen that it has everything, or indeed anything, to fear from a disciplined England.

What national service becomes will depend largely on what part Liberalism plays in its coming. If Liberals refuse to face this most vital issue, doubtless its solution will err on the side of militarism and Toryism. But that a national army can be created in this country without necessity of "barrack atmosphere" or "poison of militarism" I firmly believe. For there need be no barrack life; the four to six months' training will be given in camp and in the country, a splendid spell of open air life and healthy comradeship for city lads at a critical age.

Is it not because in the struggle for material wealth and individual rights we have "forgotten the nation" and failed to teach civic and patriotic duty that slums and other "horrors of civilisation" exist, and public opinion still tolerates them?

When the writer speaks of "the pretended fear of a German invasion," I venture to ask him to explain what Liberals mean when they declare that if war came the Regular Army would never be allowed to leave our shores until the Territorials had been embodied and trained.

When he speaks of "the cant about moral and physical improvement" I would refer him to the plea of that able writer and worker on social questions, Mr. T. C. Horsfall, entitled: "National Service and the Welfare of the Community." I cannot think that the advocacy of any cause suffers either in dignity or strength in making generous concession to the sincerity of opponents.

How, I ask, does a democrat or a democratic people defend our existing British system? Is it, or is it not, "cant" to call a system Voluntary under which more than fifty per cent. of the Regular Army is recruited by economic compulsion? "The rich pay the poor to fight for them." As for the Territorial system, it reveals in practice one citizen gallantly striving to do for himself and nine absentees the first duty of them all, and inevitably failing, since—numbers apart—to demand from him adequate training would be too manifestly unjust.

The Voluntary system has had its day. The call of the coming time, everywhere, in education, in science, in industry, is for trained men. The nation that continues to rely in any great aspect of the national life and well-being upon the untrained or ill-trained will inexorably go down before the trained man-power of a people disciplined and ready. Yet where is the people that could call and train to its need in defence of its national destiny and ideals, whether in peace or war, such wealth of splendid man-power as ours?

I do not know how to reconcile two arguments used against National Service which seem to be mutually destructive. On the one hand, we are told that the creation of a National Army in this free, self-governing State will cripple Liberalism and lead to wars of aggression.

On the other hand, we are asked to make light of the menace of a great and growing nation, of a people long trained to arms, not self-governing, but ruled by an ambitious Military Autocracy, which, in the course of a decade, waged three swift wars of aggression and continues relentlessly to increase its armaments.

Truly, "this is not the cause of faction, or of party, or of an individual, but the common cause of every man in Britain."—Yours, &c.,

EX-VOLUNTEER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—J. A. F.'s letter on this subject, in your issue of November 26th, is one which I should like to see answered by an abler pen than mine, but perhaps you will allow me to reply to it as one, who, though a recognised Liberal in his own small world, has felt it his duty to support the National Service League. J. A. F.'s condemnation of the League is based on the circumstance that its most prominent leaders and supporters are Conservatives. Would he not have strengthened his case against the League by showing that its principles are wrong? Are Conservatives, whether military officers or bishops, to be debarred from being patriots? Is it the fault of the League that Liberals can give no better reason for refusing to join it than that it contains Conservatives? Some of us are very serious on subjects other than, say, land valuation or licensing duties. We were deeply moved by the admissions of Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna with regard to the German Navy in March, 1909; we are deeply concerned with the steady concentration of our whole naval strength in the North Sea; we are deeply stirred by the almost daily admissions of the County Associations, that in numbers, in equipment, and in training, the Territorials, despite their unselfish devotion, are not realising expectations; we were deeply angered by the Austro-German treatment of the Treaty of Berlin, and by England's inability to defend the right. We realise that half-trained peoples inflicted upon us, through our unpreparedness, the tragedies of Gordon's death and the South African War; and we recognise that Germany has always, since 1865, steadily prepared for the success of each blow before she has struck it. Has J. A. F. read Count Ernest Reventlow's writings? Are we to assume that this man is merely indulging in idle threats? Is it necessarily "mere cant" to insist that physical training improves the physique and morale of youth? Above all, is it just, or safe, to condemn the motives of those you attack until you have disposed of their arguments? This movement is extending quicker than J. A. F. seems to realise—extending because the sense and self-respect of our manhood convince them of the necessity of ending the anomaly by which our trade routes and our Colonies are left unguarded because of this fear of Germany—a fear which is doubly discreditable, because it is so easily preventable. Every Englishman would be willing to defend his home in case of need. Is it too much to ask that, if the need arose, he should be able to do so?—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST STORK.

Bury St. Edmunds, December 5th, 1910.

#### AN AUDIENCE AT THE ALBERT HALL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Last week I went to hear Bach's Mass in B minor at the Albert Hall. It is not my place to speak of the performance, though I enjoyed it hugely. Competent critics, I am sure, do their duty both by praising the Royal Choral Society and commenting on its curious belief that there is some especial virtue for the rendering of such music in a band and chorus of a thousand.

But may I say a word about the amazing behavior of the audience? I suppose it will need another generation or two's training in public manners for people to learn not to shuffle noisily from their places during the three or four closing numbers of a Mass. But the management of the Society could, at least, prevent late-comers from noisily shuffling into their places by excluding them until the *Kyrie Eleison* was over. I say nothing about the young ladies selling chocolate, for they did effect an early removal of their incongruity. And, indeed, if people like to eat chocolate while listening to Bach, why shouldn't they? It prevents them from chattering. Had I thought of it, I would have bought some and presented it to a party behind me. But need the programme stewards walk about offering books of the words during the *Agnus Dei*? And is there no means of hinting to the audience that to applaud the sections of the *Credo* as if it were a comic opera is a little out of place? No wonder that one of the singers (though he sang well enough) prefaced his first number by a cheerful smile to the assembly and a reassuring nod to the conductor.

Sir Frederick Bridge, of course, has his back to all this. One would wonder, otherwise, how and why he puts up with it.—Yours, &c.,

H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

December 7th, 1910.

#### "LIFE OF BROWNING."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While I am grateful to your reviewer of Browning's "Life" for many of his comments, may I be allowed to reply to him on the political point? Socialism was by no means unfamiliar to Browning; he had seen it at work on the Continent, and long before 1889 (the date of his death) he must have been aware of its manifestations in English politics. It is not at all unlikely that he had read a certain work called "The Man versus the State." At any rate, my researches have convinced me that he consistently disapproved of the methods and ideals of Socialism, chiefly because he thought them calculated to sap the independence of individual character. The circumstances of our times do not appear to me to have altered so signally in twenty years as to justify one in imagining him exchanging the old Liberalism for the new.

After all, the old type of Liberalism still exists. Only this morning I read in the newspaper the *apologia* of a Liberal peer who finds himself unable to work any longer with his party. "The Liberal leaders," he writes, "seem to have adopted the principles of Socialism . . . and instead of promoting reforms such as were promised by Gladstone, Bright, and others, they are become wreckers." These words are a not uninteresting comment on my offending passage.

In one point your reviewer is certainly under a misapprehension. I am not such "a simple shepherd," or so illiterate as to suppose that Browning coined the beautiful phrase, "*absens absentem auditque videtque*." Writing for educated persons, I deemed it superfluous to inform them of its origin.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. MINCHIN.

December 6th, 1910.

#### "THE POETIC BASIS OF MUSIC."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Watson Smith's letter is a typical sample of how the amateur æsthetician will dogmatise upon this complicated question with the minimum of research and the minimum of reflection. It is superficial thinking of this kind that has made the average musical æsthetic of the textbooks the wretched thing it is. Mr. Watson Smith argues that programme music has been shown to be "ridiculous," and received its "deathblow," because the "*Sinfonia Domestica*" had some absurd passages in it! On the same lines of reasoning, the feeble symphonies of this or that academic composer show that abstract music is ridiculous, and have given it its deathblow.

Mr. Smith does not want to know what was in the composer's mind when he wrote his music; he does not want "to see the scaffold poles." All that Mr. Smith has to do, then, is to convert, not me, but the composers to his way of thinking. To say nothing of the definite programmes some of them give us, every time a musician writes an overture with a title—a "*Manfred*," a "*Romeo and Juliet*," an "*Egmont*," a "*Faust*"—he *does* reveal his poetic basis; he *does* show us the scaffold poles! And when we look into the matter a little more carefully than slapdash æstheticians of Mr. Smith's type do, we find that at least five-sixths of the composers of the last three centuries have done this! Here are a few of the names of these misguided enemies of "true" music—Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Gluck, Berlioz, Strauss, Elgar, Bartock, Kuhnau, Mackenzie, Debussy, D'Indy, Loeffler, Coüverse, Grieg, Gade, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Liszt, Bruch, Sibelius, Glinka, Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Wolf, Holbrooke, Chopin, Balakirev, Bossi, Delius, Bülow, Bungert, Busoni, Charpentier, Cowen, Dargomizsky, Dvorak, Dukas, Césaire Franck, Glazounov, Godard, Goldmark, Häusegger, Humperdinck, Jensen, Joachim, Leoncavallo, MacCunn, MacDowell, Weingartner, Moussorgsky, Napravnik, Nicodé, Parry, Rachmaninoff, Rubinstein, Rimsky-Korsakoff. Not only have all these numskulls written music with a poetic basis, but the shameless fellows have actually told us what the basis is!

How little can they have understood of the true æsthetic of music!

Perhaps, though, it is the amateur æstheticians who are wrong. It is they, not the composers, who are at sea as to the nature of music. Mr. Smith makes a touching appeal to me: "If he believes that music cannot make its own appeal, let him say so frankly, and have done with it." My answer is that *some* music certainly can make its own appeal. What the æsthetician in a hurry cannot see is that the musical faculty is no more one and indivisible than any other human faculty. There are at least three types of it. A mind like Mozart's is, in the current phrase, largely abstract; it achieves beauty by the invention and development of self-subsistent melodies. A mind like Wagner's inclines almost wholly towards poetic expression. A mind like Bach's or Berlioz's has an irresistible bias towards the pictorial—Bach was certainly the greatest realist in the history of music, besides, of course, being other things. Only the crudest and most thoughtless æsthetic will try to impose the same laws upon each of these types of mind. The day has gone by for the primitive Hauslick-Helmholtz æsthetic of music that Mr. Smith echoes as if it were a revelation from heaven. I recommend him to make himself acquainted with at least some of the voluminous literature on this subject that has been published in England, France, and Germany during the last ten years. I particularly recommend him to study M. André Pirro's "*L'Aesthétique de J. S. Bach*" and Dr. Schweitzer's "*J. S. Bach, le Musicien-Poète*," and incidentally Bach's hundred and ninety odd cantatas, his masses, his passions, and his chorale preludes. He will rise from this study with very different notions as to the relations between music and poetic suggestion, and will realise that it is not only "the fifth-rate composer," as he intrepidly suggests, who shows us "the true working of his mind." He will learn also that the better we know the mood that was working in a composer when he wrote a poetic work, the more likely we are to play it in accordance with his intention.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Ivythorpe, Moseley, Birmingham,  
December 6th, 1910.

### Poetry.

#### OF DELIGHT.

"Oh, who art thou that sing'st so sweet,  
Where meadowland and woodland meet,  
Hidden among the first few shadows  
That break upon the noonday heat?"

"I am delight, and of my birth  
There is no certain word on earth;  
Nor of my kin.  
And those who find me, e'er they see  
Well what they have, lose hold on me;  
Many begin  
With purpose set, and seek me where love is,  
And fail of both; and some have said amiss,  
Saying I live with sin."

"But I will seek thee till I hold  
Thy clear limbs in their robe of gold.  
For so men sing thee, white as sunshine,  
With glittering garment, fold on fold."

"Ah, no, for you shall never find me,  
And all your thoughts of how to bind me  
Spring in vain.  
For should you, by some chance unknown,  
See me, and hold me for your own,  
Like a thing slain  
Suddenly I should fail, droop head, and rise,  
Silent and dull, with strange tears in my eyes,  
And I should look like pain."

E. N. DA C. ANDRADE.



## Reviews.

## HEROES OF FREEDOM.\*

It must have been difficult to select just the seventeen leaders of the people who are included in Mr. Clayton's most interesting volume. One might have been tempted to put in one or two great writers whose works influenced the growth of freedom, like Swift or Paine, or even Milton; one or two rather dubious characters, like Wilkes; and perhaps even a king or two, like Alfred or Edward I., who may be said to have led the country forward on the road to liberty. But Mr. Clayton has shown a wise restraint in his limits. Though some of his heroes were great writers and thinkers, like Anselm and Sir Thomas More, all of them were men of action, intimately connected with public affairs, whether in reform or rebellion. None, as he says, were will-o'-the-wisps, but all burnt with a clear and steady flame from first to last, even when, as in the case of Wat Tyler, their light only shone for one bare week. And all were inspired by a resolute hatred of oppression—something of a rebellious spirit, or at least a strong opposition to the governing authority of the time. It might be possible to describe a king here and there as a rebel, but one could do it only by way of paradox.

So Mr. Clayton has restricted himself to his title's most obvious meaning, and has taken only the champions of popular rights against the central Government of the day. We could divide them into the opponents of the Crown tyranny, of the oligarch tyranny, and of the tyranny of wealth, especially of wealth in land. The series of the vindicators of liberty against the domination of the Crown begins with four great Churchmen—Anselm, St. Thomas, Stephen Langton, and Grossteste of Lincoln. It is immediately continued by Simon de Montfort, who may be called Grossteste's pupil. As a type of the resistance to the Tudor despotism we have Sir Thomas More; and so we come to the leaders of the Commons against the feeble attempts of the Stuart dynasty. Since that time the danger of personal despotism, such as still exists in other great European Powers, has disappeared from this country, though the Crown, for good or evil, has continued to interfere in our public affairs, especially in our foreign relations and in cases of family interest. But since Pym and Hampden, the political conflict for liberty has been directed chiefly against the government by oligarchs, as, in fact, it is at this moment. For types of the people's leaders in this conflict, Mr. Clayton has chosen Major Cartwright, now almost forgotten, but once known as "the Father of Reform," and Ernest Jones, the Chartist, who endeavored to realise the full purport of Reform under the necessary safeguards of democracy. It is a long story, and, on the whole, a fine one. So far, it has resulted in our present system of representative and party government—a system still far from complete, and still hampered at every turn by medieval survivals and contradictions, but, none the less, the least tyrannical of any system of government yet evolved in any great nation. As Mr. Clayton justly says, in one of his very rare passages of direct commentary:—

"In spite of all the scorn that has been poured on popular elections, and the Houses of Parliament, in spite of all the imperfections that are necessarily attached to any constitutional system devised by the wit of man, the idea of representative government has become the inspiration of the nations of the world. The failings of democracy are obvious, the weak spots in popular electoral systems glaring; but mankind, once grasping the idea of freedom in politics, clamors eagerly for responsibility in law-making and the administration of justice, and refuses to rest satisfied under any despotism or bureaucracy, benevolent or malevolent."

That is from the chapter on Simon de Montfort, and in the same chapter occurs one of Mr. Clayton's most original historic suggestions. He is inclined to trace Simon's idea of a full representative parliament to his close and intimate connection with the Dominican friars. He shows that Simon's father was the warm friend of St. Dominic himself; that Simon was equally the friend of Grossteste, the champion of the friars, that he founded a Dominican priory

at Leicester, and his Parliament at Oxford ("the Mad Parliament") was held in a Dominican priory there. But the peculiarity of the Dominican Order is its representative form of government, each priory sending two representatives to the provincial chapter, and each province sending two representatives to the general chapter. Certainly, the parallel is remarkable, and it would be rather startling to discover that we owe this particular form of our free institutions to a Spanish saint!

But, excellent as Mr. Clayton's accounts of the opponents of kings and oligarchs are, we feel throughout that his own personal interest rather lies with the leaders who stood for the people's cause against the oppression of landlords and plutocrats. Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, Robert Ket—those are the men that really attract him, and theirs is the cause that holds his deepest sympathy. To their number he adds at least two whose story must be very little known to most readers—William FitzOsbert, called "the savior of the poor" in Richard I.'s reign, and dragged to death between St. Mary-le-Bow and Tyburn, as became the first of English agitators; and Winstanley, who led the queer little body of "Diggers," and induced them to return to the land and follow a simple life, very much under Tolstoyan conditions, in Cromwell's time. Winstanley's own tracts, such as "Light shining in Buckinghamshire," together with his interview with Fairfax, who was sent to investigate the digging on St. George's Hill, where not a turnip could be expected to grow except by faith—give us a vivid glimpse into that time of ferment, so fertile in speculation and experiment. One doubts whether to include Lilburne—who is counted as one of the "leaders"—among the social agitators or among the opponents of oligarchs and the leaders towards democracy. It is to the latter, however, that he really belongs, and it is significant of the supremacy of the oligarchy during the eighteenth century that Mr. Clayton has found no one worthy to be called a leader of the people between the Commonwealth and the early days of the first Reform Bill.

One of the most valuable parts of an inspiring book is the direct quotation of the various petitions, proclamations, contemporary records, and political songs that illustrate the brief stories of the leaders and their achievements. For instance, the answer of Richard II. to the peasants after the murder of Wat Tyler should be learnt by heart by all who suffer under landlord domination in this country. "O vile and odious by land and sea," it begins, "you, who are not worthy to live when compared with the lords whom you have attacked . . . you were, and are, rustics, and shall remain in bondage, not that of old, but in one infinitely worse." And so on, in the regulation language of lords and landlords from the beginning to the end of time. But of all the documents quoted, the finest, in our opinion, are Robert Ket's speech as he advanced upon Norwich, and "The Rebels' Complaint," which we suppose him to have written. In their style alone, they are noble examples of Tudor prose, and the "Complaint" is a true manifesto of revolution, anticipating the very tone of later centuries. It is too long to quote—two full pages long—but it begins:—

"The pride of great men is now intolerable, but our condition miserable. These abound in delights; and compassed with the fulness of all things, and consumed with vain pleasures, thirst only after gain, inflamed with the burning delights of their desires. But ourselves, almost killed with labor and watching, do nothing all our life long but sweat, mourn, hunger, and thirst."

Robert Ket was executed like the rest. Leaders of the people must not expect a quiet life or a death in bed. Of the seventeen whose story is here told, less than half escaped murder, execution, or death on the field or in prison. Most of them were overwhelmed, and saw their cause ruined, because, with a noble, but foolish, confidence, they trusted the pledge of some King or Government. But it is through their superb resistance and their often obscure or shameful death that we have inherited such amount of liberty as we now possess, and it is for us to pass on the inheritance increased. For, as Mr. Clayton says in his conclusion: "The battle of freedom is never done, and the field never quiet," and while ever sun and moon endure, and man seeks to dominate his neighbor, so long in England shall men and women be found to resist such dominance."

\* "Leaders of the People: Studies in Democratic History." By Joseph Clayton. Martin Secker. 10s. 6d. net.

## MR. MACKAIL ON GREEK POETRY.\*

In general, the drawback about criticism of ancient poetry is that it is made by people who have been thinking of something else. "That is the worst of educated men," said Tolstoy; "they cannot speak about any great question till they have read everything that has been written about it, for fear someone should say: 'But have you read Schwarzenburg?'" Of those who have commented on the poets of Greece, how many escape the taunt? Schwarzenburg's latest "Programm" deals with your author; if you neglect it, then, "er scheint noch nicht . . . gelesen zu haben," or worse—and we expect this must befall Professor Mackail—"Nichts neues." So criticism is dragged at the tail of scholarship, and scholarship itself declines into bibliography. The great "Greek History" of Busolt is mainly valuable as a record of pamphlets, articles, and opinions; for political insight it is not conspicuous. In the case of poetry, such a procedure is doubly hopeless.

"Nichts neues!" That is where the mistake is made. "It is the essential glory of poetry," says Mr. Mackail, "that it perpetually reincarnates what is as old as the beginning of the heaven and earth." It

"Buries you with a glory, young once more";

and if you do not see the glory and grow as young and new as it is, your account of the poet and his poetry may cumber a line in Schwarzenburg's "Handbuch der (something or other) Kunde." It is fit for nothing else. Hence it is that the conscientious work of so many scholars, who read plays to make their survey complete, is such a failure. Who ever wrote a play for another man's conspectus? It is the wrong point of view.

It is here that Mr. Mackail's lectures are so refreshing. He has less to say about Wolf than about Homer, and less still about the Digamma. For what he is thinking about is something else. Listen:—

"The Wrath burns in a world which it transforms into fire. Nowhere else, except in Dante, does fire so penetrate the whole structure of a poem. It is perpetually present in single phrases or elaborated descriptions: fire blazing in a forest, fire licking up the plain and scorching the river: fire signalling from a besieged town: fire flashing out of heaven: fire leaping on a city of men while the houses crumble away in the roaring furnace: the fire blazing round the head of Achilles by the trenches; the fire that streams all night from the burning of Patroclus, the constant sense of the day coming when Holy Ilion itself will flare up in the great doom's image."

Or again:—

"In the cooler atmosphere of the Odyssey night is for sleep, or at most for telling tales in the hall of a king's house, or sheltered in a swineherd's cottage from the wintry wind and driving rain. The cresset borne by Athena in the hall at Ithaca to light it up for the moving of the armor is magical, but with no natural magic. But much of the action in the Iliad is heightened by this sense of natural magic when it takes place in the dark: the troubled council in the Achaean camp and the embassy of Phoenix; the Doloneia with its perilous night journey, when the thick-muffled silence is broken by the cry of the unseen hero; the coming of the Winds from Thrace to blow all night round the pyre of Patroclus and sink with the sinking flame just before dawn; the visit of Priam to the camp and his return with Hector's body. Even daylight is often obscured by strange mists and supernatural darkness, that now aid and now hinder flight, within which men struggle blindly and unseen. 'Thus fought they' about the corpse of Patroclus, 'in the body of fire, nor would you say that either sun or moon yet endured, for in that battle all the captains were wrapt in mist, while over the rest of the field warriors fought in the clear air and sharp sunlight, and not a cloud was seen on the land or on the hills.' . . . On this lurid, shifting background, now incredibly clear, now wrapped in a pall of darkness, the action burns."

Now, is this criticism? It at least takes us very close to the mind of a great poet—and some of us may not have noticed so clearly before how curiously individual is that mind in its conceptions, in the colors it notes, in the pictures it carries, till they turn into language. What other poets write so? Dante, Mr. Mackail suggests, and then there is the strange first scene in Milton's hell—fire and darkness, and a great mind among them stirring with thoughts of boundless import. Is not criticism to bring home to you, after all your reading of the Iliad—for the first time, or

equally vividly for the tenth time—the great spirit behind it all?

Or again, Mr. Mackail deals with Homer's adjectives—windy Troy, rose-footed Dawn, the wine-bright sea, *μάχην ἐς κούδινειραν*; and the last of these, with *βροτολογός*, he suggests, gives "something of the whole moral purpose of the Iliad." For this is the greatness of the Homeric poems—"their whole view and handling of life, not as a mere pageant, but as the arena of great energies, are unsurpassed in elevation and completeness." Life shows "against a dark background lit up by splendid courage, clear insight, unconquerable will. The spirit of man rises in them beyond circumstance, beyond divine control, even beyond fate. Only in the Northern Sagas (the ancestral epic of our own race, as Homer was of the Greek) is man so great." "This unmatched power to express the sense of human greatness is what above all else makes Homer." This is criticism; and if anyone says it is not new, let him tell us where we may find some more of it—or where Mr. Mackail learnt it.

From Homer, to whom three lectures are devoted, we pass to the Greek lyrics—to Alcman, *εὐδοσιον δ' ὀρέων κορυφαί*, "the tone and accent, sharp, direct, personal, are those of a poetry that is finding itself afresh . . . the immediate utterance of personal emotion"—to Sappho, cleared of the cobwebs of dusty learning, "a marvellous creature," in Strabo's phrase, whose "utterance is mingled with fire"—to Simonides, in whose work "is that perfect and seemingly spontaneous balance of thought and expression which makes great literature." We must not linger over them now; suffice it that here, at least, they are not "fragments" but poets—and what poets a portentous trio of stanzas from Meredith (here cited for another purpose) will amply show by contrast, if we may judge.

The Alexandrians conclude the volume. Theocritus has many friends; fewer cherish the names of Aratus, Callimachus and Apollonius. They generally get scant courtesy in the books on literature; and if the encyclopædias and "handbooks" give them more space, a poet is not greatly helped by the "brute learning" of a pedant—it is not interpretation. But that is Mr. Mackail's clear object, and to achieve it, he surrenders his mind to the poets we pass by—to let them have upon it the effect they felt in themselves. And it comes about that here, too, he finds poetry. In a world "immense, well-policed, monotonous; penetrated through and through by commercialism," poetry has a hard task, but it faces it as well as it can, and the "effective result is to be found two hundred years afterwards in Virgil." It is not too much, Mr. Mackail holds, to say that but for the "Argonautica" we should not have the "Æneid"; yet a little later, in a fine page, he shows us how Virgil gives what he borrows a new and heightened value by the use he makes of it and the place in which he sets it.

The centre of the volume is held by Sophocles. Here Mr. Mackail has Professor Murray to combat, who finds (or found) in the poet "a bluntness of moral imagination," "a conventional idealism," "the one Greek author who is classical in the vulgar sense." So to Sophocles Mr. Mackail devotes himself—to Sophocles, "inimitable, impeccable, unpopular"—and here, perhaps, he has exposed himself to a flank attack. "Poetry has for all time to be judged, one might say, by an Athenian standard, as life itself has to be judged by Athenian ideals. This is the gift which Athens has given, the task which Athens has set, to the world."

Perhaps we are living on Athenian ideals a little too much, these twenty years. Mr. Kipling is at times little more than Cleon in verse—with Cleon's contempt for sentimentalism (pity, justice, and Matthew Arnold's *ἐνείκεα*) and Cleon's admiration for the stupid man who is not clever enough to despise the laws. If Mr. Murray's words are to stand for a mark for another's fire, Mr. Mackail will forgive a passing demonstration.

However, Sophocles is the theme, and on this theme Mr. Mackail is at his best. For Sophocles is unintelligible. Mr. Mackail has some just criticism on Deianira, who "has something that she prefers to truth," beautiful as she is; he might have added that the "Philoctetes" is another commentary on the oblique path. But he does not explain the tearing of Lichas at the end of the play. The passage

\* "Lectures on Greek Poetry." By J. W. Mackail, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Longmans. 9s. 6d. net.

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in the messenger's speech comes with a strange coldness to the ears of one who loves Euripides—unintelligible coldness. On Techmessa and her silence, Mr. Mackail's reply is strong enough. On the "little word" and the *cœur de*—quoting Pater: "in this cool, pearl-grey, quiet place, color counts for double"—he writes with sympathy and insight. At any rate, right or wrong, on his main theme and his digressions on Athenian ideals, Mr. Mackail's criticism on Sophocles has the effect of waking in the reader the feeling—"I have ta'en too little heed of this." One has judged too quickly, and felt too little—the common vice of those who are bred on Datives and Digammas. And here is a more excellent way.

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LADY BLENNERHASSETT's biography of Madame de Maintenon bears no comparison with her more thorough and extensive work on Madame de Staël. Part of the blame for this belongs undoubtedly to the subject. Madame de Maintenon's history has often been written, and the world has made up its mind to regard her with coldness, if not with positive aversion. Her personality, even when we view it from the most favorable standpoint—and Lady Blennerhassett's point of view is highly favorable—is far from attractive. She was a bigot of that particularly repellent type who do not allow their religion to interfere with their material advancement. Her life was, in a sense, a martyrdom; but she was one of those irritating martyrs who continually enlarge on their sufferings. "Nothing is more artful than an irreproachable conduct," said Madame de Maintenon herself about her relations with Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, and the explanation is in itself a reproach. Her chief gift was a talent for insinuating herself discreetly and unobtrusively into the position she wanted, of securing her own foot-hold and then gently ousting others. Such talents, combined with an air of disinterested piety, are more calculated to provoke contempt than admiration. So far as we know she never spoke one word which could offend anyone from whom she could expect a service. Had she been a man she would have been described as a toady of genius.

She was by temperament one of the coldest and least romantic of women, but the story of her life reads like an extravagant romance. She was born in a prison, the penniless daughter of a Protestant heretic and rebel, and she became the widow of a comic poet whose name brought a grin to the faces of those who pronounced it. She lived to become the wife of a King who distinguished himself by his severities against the followers of her father's creed, to see Cardinals courting her favor, and Popes intriguing for her influence. The woman who achieved this was no ordinary person. She never ran directly counter to the King's wishes, but by dint of quiet, continual pressure, which she had the art of concealing, she invariably led him to wish as she desired. "She loved above all things to be honored, she liked to be respected and to enjoy consideration. The sympathies of all men seemed more desirable to her than the exclusive affection of one. To acquire merit, and to be praised for it, this was what she herself calls 'her folly and her idol.' She nursed victims of small-pox, partly because she pitied them, chiefly because she wanted to do something which, being extraordinary, would be praised." Existence would have been intolerable to her unless she could feel that those around her looked upon her as in some way their superior. This is, in part, the foundation on which her piety was reared, and the explanation of her refusal to assert her position publicly after she married Louis XIV. The Montespan might impress the world by flaunting themselves as the King's mistresses; she would impress it still more by never mentioning, what everybody knew, that she was his wife.

All through her life she succeeded in accomplishing her ends while giving the appearance of yielding to the wishes

\* "Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon." By Charlotte Lady Blennerhassett. Allen. 18s. net.

of others. When Scarron offered either to provide the funds to enable her to enter a convent or to marry her, she chose marriage, but she managed to make the marriage one in name only. "You will find it strange," she wrote to her brother in 1678, "that a woman who was never married should give you so much information about marriage," and in another of her letters she describes herself as "a virgin and a widow." It was the same with her piety. "My very honored lady," said her confessor, "you wear nothing but wool; but when you kneel before me, these stuffs fall in such graceful folds over your feet that, somehow, I think it too perfect." She was one of the few who lived through the Port-Royal movement without being touched by its influence. The greatest religious revival since the Reformation, even the genius of Pascal, left her cold, and one of the gravest charges against her in later life is that she countenanced and abetted the severities with which the dying embers of Port-Royal were extinguished. The offer of taking care of the King's illegitimate children presented a more difficult problem. But she solved it in characteristic fashion. She consulted her confessor and replied: "If the King is the father of the child, and if he orders me to do so I will."

Lady Blennerhassett claims that "when everything which has ever been brought forward against this remarkable woman is weighed in the balance, an impartial judgment will decide in her favor." An impartial judgment will certainly pronounce that she is guiltless of some of the accusations brought against her. The statement that she was Villars's mistress cannot be substantiated. It rests on a letter of Saint-Evremond which is almost certainly spurious, and on the testimony of Tallemant des Réaux and Saint-Simon. Tallemant only repeated a rumor, and Saint-Simon hated Madame de Maintenon so virulently that his evidence is more than suspect. She must also be acquitted of any direct responsibility for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Madame de Maintenon felt responsible for the King's soul, and she encouraged his inclination towards piety. But both of them confused piety with a disposition to win others over to the belief they held themselves. Saint-Simon wrote that Louis XIV. "always repented at the expense of someone else, and that he was never tired of repenting at the expense of Huguenots and Jansenists." The Revocation was one example of Louis XIV.'s way of repenting at other people's expense.

But the darkest blot on Madame de Maintenon's memory is that she banished and, as far as in her lay, silenced one of the noblest spirits of the age. For this she can claim neither acquittal nor palliation. Had Fénelon received the hearing his views deserved, or had the Duc de Bourgogne lived, France might have been spared the miseries of the Revolution. Madame de Maintenon came under Fénelon's spell, and for a time it seemed that the great Bishop might sway the Councils of the King. His refusal to sacrifice Madame Guyon to the prejudices aroused against her turned the scale. Madame de Maintenon would have rendered an inestimable service to her country had she on this occasion withstood her passion for mastery and submitted to an intellect so elevated above her own that she could not realize its grandeur.

When we attempt to estimate Madame de Maintenon, it is only fair to remember the continual martyrdom she suffered. Here is her own description of a day in her life:—

"The King spends the morning with me. I am not dressed. If I were so, I should have had no time to say my prayers. While I am still with my night-cap on my head, people come and go, and my room is like a church. After mass the King returns, followed by the Duchesse de Bourgogne and her ladies. They stay while I am dining. . . . Being in my own house, it is for me to amuse my visitors, who are either like the Dauphin, and do not speak a word, or like the ladies, who chatter and giggle incessantly, and must be listened to. . . . They have rested; I have not. . . . The air is stifling; the King doesn't allow a window to be opened. . . . My old person is the object of universal attention, because every request is addressed to me; I am always wanted, and I hate the Court. . . . As soon as the King returns from hunting he comes back to me. He is alone, and I have to bear with his sadness, with his *rapeurs*. . . . It has grown late; I feel dead tired, and the years weigh on me. Since six o'clock in the morning I have not had a moment's peace. 'You are exhausted,' says the King; 'you ought to go to bed.' I undress as quickly as ever I can, because he dislikes the presence of my women. He comes and sits at my bedside. I am not a glorified body, and nobody is near to help me. . . . The King remains till supper-time, at half-past ten; then the Princes come

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THE unending novel possibilities of Africa are spoken of in one of our tritest sayings. There is a good deal that is new to be disclosed before the report of the Duke of Mecklenburg's expedition is fully unfolded. The book before us is a kind of preliminary to that report. It is in the popular vein of a book of travel, containing only rather tantalising references to the full fruit of geological, botanical, and ethnographical knowledge gathered by this well-equipped survey. The results of the expedition were evidently of far-reaching importance, the solid and material products brought back on the heads of porters from the far interior amounting evidently to many tons. An army of some two thousand men had to be organised for the portage of European supplies, scientific instruments, and other equipment, and the whole expedition was set upon a semi-national basis which might well form a precedent for this country. If anything, the Duke was too lavishly furnished. There seems, for example, to have been a good many bottles of champagne consumed in the celebration of mere victories over lions, and the toasting of absent friends. The phonograph was perhaps an allowable luxury. At any rate, it was a source of wonder to the Watussi and other tribes, who greeted our best operatic singers with shrieks of uncontrollable laughter, in spite of the fact that laughter among them is considered anything but good form. In return, the cinematograph has brought back to us some of their crane dances, and other performances, for the amusement of jaded Europeans.

The Watussi of Ruanda, the German protectorate between German and British East Africa and the Congo are, according to the Duke of Mecklenburg's description, the physical aristocrats of the continent. They are a race of Arab origin, imposed from the north on the Bantu Wahutu tribe, who still inhabit the country as agriculturists. The Watussi are "tall and well-made people, with an almost ideal physique." It is common to see them of a stature of from six feet to seven feet two, with powerful shoulders, the waist at times extraordinarily slender, hands elegant and delicate in form, and wrists of an almost feminine grace. Using immense bows that it takes years to master, their arrows fly two hundred paces. They fling javelins with such force that a shaft sometimes breaks in the air from the vibration. But it is in the high jump that their athletic vigor is most marked. The white record is, we believe, 6 ft. 5½ in. It stands in German sport books as 1.94 metres. The Watussi leaps over a bar 2½ metres (8 ft. 2½ in.) high. It is true that he takes off from a small termite heap a foot in height, but even making allowance for this, it appears that the first-class average everyday performance of this splendid black beats our very best by many inches.

The Sultan of Ruanda retains "full jurisdiction over his fellow-people, under control of the Resident, who is to suppress cruelty as far as possible. . . . Both Resident and Sultan play off the subordinate chiefs one against the other, and retain all the privileges which a strong centralisation gives them." Ruanda is potentially a white man's country, and the Duke looks forward to the time when "the illimitable power of the Sultan will recede before European influence, and when busy throngs of traders will encroach upon the haughty aloofness of this most aristocratic of all negro tribes." Passing through Ruanda, the expedi-

tion reached Lake Kiwu, and the ideal European outpost of Kissenji. Kissenji is about five thousand feet above sea level, and "the man who has this place allotted to him for his sphere of activity draws a prize."

"In front are the swirling breakers of the most beautiful of all the Central African lakes, framed in by banks which fall back steeply from the rugged masses of rock; at the rear the stately summits of the eight Virunga volcanoes. Truly he who has once seen this delightful spot, and who has had the good fortune to view the nocturnal skies when illuminated by the glowing blood-red colors reflected by the flowing lava of the active crater of Namlagira, has added a pearl to the treasure-chest of his memories, inalienable for life."

Kissenji is just on the border-line yet to be ascertained by the Belgian-German Commission. Lake Kiwu, whose scenery will remind the reader forcibly of our own lakes, is, like them, due to the damming and reversal of a former river system by volcanic action. It was only discovered in 1894, and its exploration by Dr. Richard Kandt was not completed before 1901. The present expedition devoted a good deal of time to its geological study, and made some collection of its fish, obtained by dynamiting in the depths. Enormous rookeries of flying foxes are found in the neighborhood, the trapping of small mammals occupied the energies of one department, and the indefatigable botanist added rapidly to his collection.

The volcanic range north of Kiwu are in Congo territory, closely bordering on British East Africa. Concerning Katwe, of course a good deal further north, the explorer says, a little unkindly, that as it is a place of great commercial importance a boundary dispute has arisen concerning it. Before its apotheosis its incorporation in the Congo State was "undoubted." "A very clever astronomer then succeeded in shifting the longitudinal degree to the west of Katwe, so that the town fell into British territory." Now a Joint Commission is engaged in finally determining the question. The Duke of Mecklenburg's map places Katwe nearly ten miles within the parallel. The Virunga volcanoes are not merely active, but some of the cones are quite recent. One was formed in the month of May, 1904. Lieutenant Pfeiffer, who died in 1905, was known to be fond of beans. Soon after his death a new cone made its appearance, and the natives, believing that the lieutenant's spirit had thus shown its new habitation, called it Kana maharage, "the Master who loves beans." The account of the expedition's stay in the volcanic region is full of adventure as well as scientific interest. One of the Duke's lieutenants, Kirchstein, made a descent into the crater of Namlagira, where he was penned in by a fog and afraid to move lest he should "vanish irrevocably for all eternity in the sinister yawning depth" of a lava shaft. To add to the party's peril, an eruption began with subterranean thunder, lapilli falling like rain, the volcanic fumes stifling their lungs. Then they were forced to take the risk of the shafts and fissures and grope their way round the crater wall till they could find a breach by which to reach safer quarters. Never was a clearer case of the *scheitani* of the mountain showing displeasure at the invasion of his peace. The photographs of these craters and the shafts running down to the central fires are excellent and numerous, coming next in value to the hundreds of ethnographical studies.

It will be asked what the Duke of Mecklenburg has to say about the Congo, through which State he travelled from the highlands to the sea. He hesitates to say anything "in a simple narrative of travel," and in view of the fact that he spent only seven months in the country. He does deny, however, that the Congo State is only concerned in depleting the country for sordid mercenary gain. His sole reference to the rubber system is a casual one, many pages later than his attempt to summarise his impressions—where he says that the small post of Mawambi "yields about a ton of rubber monthly, the natives being pledged to bring in three kilogrammes per head in that time." Concerning the actual cruelty by means of which such "pledges," we suppose, are enforced, he speaks, somewhat airily, of a little "tropical frenzy" and of the natural impatience that leads an officer of *safari* to castigate an unruly boy instead of following the regulations by reporting him to the *Chef de zone*. One would think from all that is said here that the Congo Free State was about as orderly as Piccadilly, much more orderly than Moabit. The Congo authorities evidently proved considerate hosts and entertained a very courteous guest.

\* "In the Heart of Africa." By Adolphus Frederic, Duke of Mecklenburg. Translated by G. E. Maberly-Oppler. Cassell. 15s. net.



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## THE CULT OF THE ORCHID.\*

VIRTUOSITY in floriculture finds its ultimate expression in the cult of the orchid. Men grow orchids as they collect old prints and gather precious ware. The hothouses of specialists make us think of the collection of snuff-boxes at Hertford House and the priceless portfolios of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The ordinary gardening amateur has no advantage over the non-horticulturist when he gets into the company of orchid experts; he is equally negligible. The only thing he can claim is that he has learned the wisdom to walk in meekness. He has acquired a sense of proportion which, extended to the other affairs of life, will save him from many a pang.

The meanest of orchids has a beauty and interest that is denied to the majority of flowers, while in the finest types the grace of form and refinement of color touch the highest mark of floral loveliness. Those, therefore, who lionise these remarkable plants, put up special houses for them, employ a separate staff of skilled gardeners to grow them, invent an extraordinary nomenclature for them (*vide* Brasso-catt-laelia and some other generic titles), and breed them under strict stud-book regulations, are dealing with material of great intrinsic value.

Modern industrial and political conditions have given us a type of mind that was almost unknown a century ago. It is a mind that deals in great commercial enterprises, makes millions, engineers coups, forms trusts, trains caucuses, and turns for relaxation to grandiose hobbies. No one should wonder if he finds the man who tries to corner rubber putting up acres of glass to grow cypripediums. The type of intellect which would attempt the one is precisely that which would do the other. We find the greatest supporters of orchid-growing among merchant princes and viewy, speculative politicians. The daring ruses, the subtle schemes, the dazzling surprises that attend orchid-raising, appeal to minds whose workings are a blend of the practical and the imaginative.

Are orchidists themselves unconscious of this singular appeal? In the thoroughly sound, competent, and reliable work before us, Mr. C. H. Curtis does not pause to dwell on the esoteric influences of the class of plant with which he has set himself to deal, on the romance of orchid-collecting, or on the mysterious and profound correlation between flower and insect which has arrested the attention of Maeterlinck. Wisely perhaps, certainly to the advantage of those—and they must be the vast majority—who seek his book for practical information rather than for philosophic inquiry, he has devoted himself to the thorough description of the various genera, to the records of hybridisation, and to copious details of cultivation. We cannot quarrel with him for electing to concentrate his attention on practical things; and when we judge his work by what it is plainly intended to be—a guide and teacher for all classes of orchid-growers—we can gladly acknowledge that it is wholly admirable.

Starting from this standpoint, Mr. Curtis does well to begin by pointing out that orchids are really plants, and not "missing links" that have the unvarying peculiarity of growing upside down and gobbling flies. Moreover, he is able to show us that some of the most beautiful kinds may be grown in cool houses by amateurs of small means. This wipes out the awkward feeling of class distinction which many people entertain in relation to orchids, and puts them on a homely, familiar footing. We feel that we can take orchids to our homes and hearts as unreservedly as we can our roses, our chrysanthemums, and our sweet peas. We can use them for our greenhouses and conservatories. We can utilise them for bouquets and table decorations. The author claims that as cut blooms they are actually cheaper than a good many everyday flowers, for the reason that, having greater substance, they last better. The wonderful tenacity of life possessed by orchids is emphasised, and it is claimed that neither in cost nor culture do they strain the resources of the cultivator more severely than the majority of other plants that require to be grown under glass. It is recommended that home-raised plants should be bought in preference to importations, even of the most popular and inexpensive types.

Those who merely want to grow a collection of standard

\* "Orchids for Everyone." By Charles H. Curtis. With Colored Illustrations by T. Ernest Waltham. Dent. 21s. net.

species of the principal orchids, such as cattleyas, cypripediums, dendrobiums, and odontoglossums, will find their chief interest in the plain, practical instructions that are given for growing the different genera; but advanced growers will turn with greater interest to the records of hybridisation. These make an interesting story. The idea of crossing orchids artificially originated, we learn, in the brain of an Exeter doctor named Harris, somewhere about 1850. It was passed on to a practical orchid-grower, and the first hybrid appeared in 1856. This, interesting as it was, was no more than a cross between species, and aroused nothing like the stir which was created in later years, when the wonderful bigeneric hybrids began to appear. Incidentally, it may be noted, artificial hybridisation gave proof of the truth of the speculation that certain exotic orchids were hybrids that had occurred in Nature; for identical plants resulted from crosses.

Even those who have made it their duty to examine the hybrids which have been put before the Royal Horticultural Society during the past twenty-five years will be astonished to learn of the extent to which hybridisation has been carried on. We are told, for example, that there are more than 800 hybrid cypripediums alone. Cattleyas and dendrobiums have also been crossed extensively. By the way, Mr. Curtis holds the botanical subdivision of the great genus cypripedium into four genera (cypripedium, paphiopedilum, phragmopedilum, and selenipedium) so lightly that he not only dismisses it in a few lines, but only admits cypripedium to his otherwise splendid index. This would be going too far if it was done advisedly, but it is probably an oversight.

We have one other little criticism, and that is on a point of arrangement. The interesting story of hybridisation breaks off on page 10 of the opening chapter, and is resumed on page 20, the intervening pages being devoted to practical hints on crossing and raising seedlings. It would be better, perhaps, to keep the two sections in separate chapters; certainly it would be more exact to bring all the paragraphs relating to records of crosses into consecutive order. This, however, is a small literary point, and in no wise mars the practical value of the work.

The book, a handsome quarto, contains upwards of fifty colored plates and a large number of good half-tone illustrations. If one or two of the colored plates, notably *sobralia veitchii* and *vanda caerulea*, are a little weak, the great majority are admirably executed, and special mention may be made of *laelio-cattleyas* King Manoel, *Sylvia*, and *Lustre*, *laelia anceps*, *cattleya hardyana*, *coelogyne pandurata*, and *brasso-cattleya maroni*.

The orchid-lover will put this beautiful and valuable volume on a handy shelf as his standard work.

## ENGLISH MONASTICISM.\*

FROM the facts that the editor of these Oxford studies is a Russian, and that his two contributors are Professor Savine, another Russian, and Mr. de Zulueta, it would appear that even in the sphere of historical scholarship England's imports are greater than her exports. It is to be hoped that in succeeding volumes English Oxonians will by similar proofs of learning contribute to the defence of their University and its endowments against the aggressions of a utilitarian generation. There are, however, advantages in the treatment of such a subject as Professor Savine's by a foreigner. The Englishman's view of the dissolution of the monasteries is inextricably bound up with his religious prejudices; the Catholics all come to one conclusion, the Protestants to another, which practically means that both conclusions are independent of the evidence. Hence, while scores of writers have professed to write the history of the dissolution, no one before Professor Savine has attempted scientifically to explore and weigh the evidence. Nor, we are afraid, will Professor Savine's laborious investigation produce much effect upon the usual misrepresentations; he is too severely scientific and technical to be of any use to the controversialist, and he deals only with the economic aspects of monastic organisation.

\* "Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History." Edited by Professor Vinogradoff. Vol. I.—"English Monasteries on the Eve of Dissolution," by Alexander Savine; "Patronage in the Later Empire," by F. de Zulueta. Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.

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Primarily, his essay is a study in land-values; and land-values, which people find difficult to estimate to-day, are not easy to deduce from the incomplete and abstruse records of the sixteenth century. It is therefore hard to summarise Professor Savine's results intelligibly without doing some injustice to the caution and circumspection and qualifications with which he hedges his conclusions. Moreover, the Government's inquiry was conducted in abnormal times; dissolution had been in the air since Wolsey's suppressions; monks hastened to let their lands, sell their stock, and hide their jewels; and the "great spoliation" was well under weigh before the 1535 Act of Dissolution. The Commissioners, however, appear to have performed their difficult task of inquiry with great care, and there seems to be no ground for the common charge against them of gross misrepresentation. Professor Savine works out monastic revenue (excluding colleges, friaries, and hospitals) at about £160,000 a year, or half the total wealth of the Church in England at the time; but to appreciate the meaning of these figures, it should be remembered that the revenues of the State were considerably less than those of the Church. The monastic population he estimates at some 7,000 religious and 25,000 laymen. These figures suggest some interesting conclusions, which Professor Savine is perhaps too scientific to draw. Assuming that the population of England was somewhat over three millions, the proportion directly affected by the dissolution—including laymen and religious—would be one in a hundred; and this conveys one among the many warnings against attaching credence to the usual exaggerations of the extent of the upheaval caused thereby. Another deduction is that each religious cost about £21 a year to keep, or about three times the wages of a skilled craftsman; and a third conclusion is that the pensions granted by the Government to former monasteries and chantry priests, usually denounced as scandalously inadequate, represented very nearly their cost of maintenance under the old régime.

Many incidental points of interest come out from Professor Savine's investigations. It is curious to note that the same principles in taxing alms were adopted in Henry VIII's reign that Gladstone successfully vindicated in taxing charities in the middle of the nineteenth century; and it is perhaps worth mentioning (p. 81) that the land tax in 1717 was estimated at two millions, though in 1909, when land was worth far more, the land tax only realised a few hundred thousands. But the main effect of Dr. Savine's researches is to pour cold water on the monastic legend which has recently had so wide a vogue; and he devotes his concluding pages to refuting the latest phase of that legend, viz., that the monasteries were democratic institutions, dedicated mainly to the task of relieving the sufferings of the poor. This, however, is not so fantastic as another economic theory that has recently been expounded, that all the wealth of the world had been created before the Reformation, and that Protestants have done nothing but expend it.

Mr. de Zulueta's work is a learned study of patronage under the Roman Empire during its decline, illustrated mainly by evidence from the Egyptian provinces. It brings out vividly the forces which evolved what we call feudalism, and suggests to the student of Western European history many analogies which the difference of conditions would lead one to think were necessarily false. The layman, however, does not find it always easy to follow Mr. de Zulueta's expert reasoning; and it might not be amiss for Professor Vinogradoff to impress his seminar with the fact that lucidity and scholarship are not by nature incompatible.

#### NOVELS FOR CHRISTMAS READING.\*

THE author of "Maurice Guest" has proved herself beyond doubt expert in the analysis of complex shades of love feelings, and her picture of student life at Leipzig was convincing in its cosmopolitan atmosphere. It is with some surprise that we find her second book is as close and remorselessly truthful a study of schoolgirl life in Melbourne. Cer-

tainly in this case distance does not lend enchantment to the view, for the hard edges of a crude, materialistic colonial environment rasp us, with no mercy shown to tender "susceptibilities." It is very well done, this uncompromising chronicle of the heroine, Laura's, humiliations, temptations, and trials at the ladies' college, and the experiences of an "unpopular girl" are almost as explicit as the unvarnished pages of a Smollett. Laura is a disagreeable and egoistic child, whose hand is against her schoolmates; and the state of aggressive warfare she maintains against her mistress is unrelieved by the episodic sentimentalism that softens nine out of ten English girls. It is a picture of young barbarians, with the softer virtues and finer sensibilities ground out in the harsh struggle of self-assertion. Some of the cleverest pages are concerned with the access of intense religious enthusiasm that most girls pass through. Nobody can deny the force and truth of the general picture, though people of sensitive fibre who open it will probably close it with relief.

In "Natasha" the English reader will find a charming, quite unpretentious study of Russian family life in the circle of the country gentry. English people are nearly always puzzled to reconcile the accounts of the sincerity and kindheartedness of the Russian people with the brutalities of their history. Natasha stands for the ideal of Russian womanhood, warmth of heart, depth and sincerity of nature. The touch of fanaticism that so often accompanies a capacity for self-sacrifice gives strength of purpose and moral dignity to Natasha's outlook. We see her first as a girl devoted to her old master, the great scientist, Tenkovsky, for whose sake she leaves her home to nurse him when he is dying in Vienna. The account of her homecoming and her welcome by her family and friends has that delightful feeling of spontaneous warmth and simple naturalness which is so common in Russian households. Over-compassion leads Natasha to marry Antoine, the young Frenchman whose passion she does not requite. But when the marriage is beyond doubt a failure, her relatives look facts in the face, and help her to escape from a life of useless wretchedness. The brief account of her friend, Milyutina's, arrest by the police for social propaganda, and Natasha's implication in the affair, is also quite typical of the manufacture of revolutionists out of serious and high-minded people. If we recommend Miss Brodsky's story, it is not on account of original literary talent, but because in its quiet and unassuming style it brings the reader into familiar touch with the daily outlook, pursuits, and general tone of a typical cultivated Russian family.

In "Chains," Mr. Noble certainly gives us our money's worth of sensation. The villain, Captain Sheen, known to fame as Bully Sheen, has married the charming Betty, a sweet "girl thing with trembling lips and dream-laden eyes," and the plot of the book is mainly concerned with the efforts of Betty's friends and admirers to get her out of the clutches of her intemperate and unscrupulous lord and master. The man's brutality is drawn with vigor and directness, and some of the subordinate figures, such as the evil-minded Mexican steward, are touched in with dexterity, but in two-thirds of the tale we are conscious of the padding. In Phase the Second the author transports us to the small seaport, Boragio, which lies under the shadow of "Cordillera," and here we are introduced to the striking harpy, Jeb Kinalan, a procuress, who "controlled the store, the barber's shop, owned land and houses, and kept the captains of the port, and the engineers, managers, and other bigwigs, &c., in hand, by playing them one against the other and ministering to their vices." People who wish to have a vivid and probably not over-colored "living picture" of the white slave traffic, as it is carried on in out-of-the-way ports, should study the policy and practice of Jeb Kinalan. She not only ruins the bodies and souls of her victims, but kidnaps and sells girls into slavery. Mr. Noble's tone is as healthy as his picture is frank, so no reader of discretion is called upon to boycott the book. Were, indeed, the sequel as true to life as the forty pages that set forth the unholy mysteries of Jeb Kinalan's drinking-saloon, we should criticise the novel the less, but the sensational ending to this South American pest-house is too crude to pass without remark. In the last chapters we are bidden to assist at a terrible earthquake, in which the villainous Captain Sheen and the infamous procuress die a dreadful and rather stagey death, the charm-

\* "The Getting of Wisdom." By Henry Handel Richardson. Heinemann. 6s.

"Natasha." By A. Brodsky. Dent. 2s. 6d. net.

"Chains." By Edward Noble. Constable. 6s.

"None Other Gods." By Robert Hugh Benson. Hutchinson. 6s.



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ing Betty and her chivalrous protector, Andrew, escaping back to the light of day and the life of virtue. The novel, with all its crudities, is certainly picturesque, and it furnishes some breathless moments.

"None Other Gods," whatever success it may meet with as a subtle piece of Catholic propaganda, certainly testifies to the resourcefulness and adaptability of the priestly intelligence. The immense convenience of having a background of immutable standards against which to measure the vagaries of poor, changeable human nature is felt on every page. The worldly pomps and vanities of the flesh can be tenderly probed and treated with charity and commiseration, even while the writer is quietly arranging to lead up to a *finale* in which the sacrifice of self and a mystic exaltation shall illumine the darkness of our earthly errors. Had Mr. Benson been able to create a hero in whom we could believe, his novel would have doubled its appeal. As it is, despite the made-to-order lines on which the Hon. Frank Guiseley (who turns his back on riches, comfort, pleasure, and embraces a life of wandering poverty) is constructed, "None Other Gods" is unusually fresh and entertaining. Frank, after being converted to Catholicism, and being disowned by his father, Lord Talgarth, leaves Cambridge abruptly, and takes to tramping the roads in company with two vagrants, "the Major," and Gertie, who has run away from her family. All the scenes of wastrel life are cleverly handled, and Mr. Benson's insight into the frailty of poor human nature is fortified by his vein of serious humor. Frank, in his mysterious fashion, conceives that he is obeying the divine behest by sticking to his stray companions, despite the appeal of family affairs, and in three months' time he learns that his *fiancée*, the vicar's daughter, has thrown him over, and is going to marry his father, a gouty peer of sixty-five. The few scenes that disclose the worldliness of these estimable people are admirable. Mr. Benson plays with his victims with quiet cruelty, and very clever also is the sketch of the East End curate who, to his consternation later on, when Frank and his companions had drifted to town, discovers that the grimy-looking Frank, who is now engaged in a gasworks, is heir to a peerage! We need not disclose the situation which is finally closed by the edifying sight of a death in the odor of sanctity. "None Other Gods" is, in every way, a novel out of the common run.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

To condemn guide-books and yet to write one, is not a logical procedure, nor one easy to defend, but it is what Mr. J. J. Hissey has done in "The Charm of the Road: England and Wales" (Macmillan, 10s. net). He has already given us several books on touring in the British Isles, and though he tells us that a guide-book robs a tour of half its pleasure, and calls the present volume a travel-book, it is really a guide-book, though less conventional than most. Mr. Hissey's ideal of a tour is to go where fancy dictates, "taking the fortune of the highway or the lane, just driving from time to time in whatever direction the country looks the most inviting, or the mood of the moment inclines." He wanders through Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Berkshire, the Midlands, Wales, Hereford, Somerset, and other places, and proves throughout the journey to be an entertaining companion. He talks with tramps and laborers, peeps into churches, gazes at manor-houses, and takes his ease in old inns. To do all this by deputy is for many people a delightful pastime, and Mr. Hissey is admirable in the part of deputy-traveller. He has read widely—not a little, we suspect, in the despised guide-books—he quotes well, and his speculations and reminiscences are suited to a holiday mood. Altogether, the book is a good example of the class of guide-book which it is well to read before visiting the places described, to leave behind when on an excursion, and possibly to take down again when one has returned.

MR. RICHARD DAVEY'S history of "The Tower of London" (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net) begins with five chapters which are devoted to the building itself, and then proceeds to an account of the scenes for which it formed the theatre. The Tower, though in all probability tracing its origin to a

Celtic stronghold, first assumed importance in Norman times, when William I. commissioned Bishop Gundulf to build a fortress which would overawe the turbulent Londoners. Thenceforward it is clearly intertwined with many of the most dramatic scenes in English history, and the brutal events which took place within its walls are excellently retold by Mr. Davey. His accounts of its various illustrious prisoners achieve the object he has set before himself—that of making his readers realise the past greatness of the Tower and its importance in relation to our national history. He hopes, further, to win some of them to advance the project of restoring the Tower to its original condition, and converting it into a museum of the relics of vanished and vanishing London. The buildings, as he observes, are ill-suited as a barracks, and of little value as a fortress. English people show a surprising apathy in regard to historical monuments—the fate of Crosby Hall was an example—but it is possible that Mr. Davey's ideal may, after all, be realised. In any case, he has given us a competent and well-written account of the buildings within which the most tragic scenes of our history have been enacted.

"GREAT MEN OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH" (5s. net), by Professor Williston Walker, of Yale University, is one of the volumes for which the University of Chicago Press is responsible, and which are issued in this country by the Cambridge University Press. It belongs to a series of "Constructive Bible Studies," and contains twenty brief biographies of leaders of Christian thought, intended for readers who have no technical training in Church history. Each biography is followed by a number of questions, and by references to books in which further information may be found. The leaders chosen are representative. The general condition of religious thought at each period is described, and the book seems to us well adapted for use either by private students or by classes who are beginning a study of Church history.

THE type of book which takes an historical personage, puts words into his or her mouth which it is certain were never uttered, and describes itself as "history in the form of a romance," is not a type in which success is easy, nor is it one which, in our opinion, deserves to be encouraged. Miss Marie Hay's "The Winter Queen" (Constable, 12s. 6d. net) belongs to this class, though we are glad to see that it is commendably free from the faults into which so many writers fall. It comes forward frankly as "a romance." The heroine is Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, and, in telling her story, Miss Hay uses "the authority of ancient chronicles, of the records of studious searchers through many archives, or of the voice of legend to confirm the details, scenes, and characters" of her romance. Nevertheless, Miss Hay allows herself a certain amount of licence in judging of her authorities. There is, for example, no evidence which would satisfy the strict historian that the affair between Elizabeth and her cousin, Christian of Brunswick, was either so romantic or so nearly tragic as Miss Hay's pages suggest. But the story is well told. Miss Hay is gifted with historical imagination, she has visited the places she describes, and has read deeply in her subject. The book is a good one, but we persist in maintaining that its plan is bad.

MESSRS. HACHETTE are issuing the volumes of their "Bibliothèque des Ecoles et des Familles" at two shillings and half-a-crown in a neat cloth binding, which makes them suitable for prizes or for Christmas presents. The selection from La Fontaine's "Fables" contains head and tail pieces drawn by Gustave Doré, and that from Madame de Sévigné's "Lettres" is also illustrated. The latter volume is now in its seventh edition, and, though not bulky, it gives a thoroughly representative selection from Madame de Sévigné.

ALTHOUGH the title of Mr. Francis Bickley's "Kings' Favorites" (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net) describes its contents, there is a likelihood that it will cause the book to be misjudged. The type of writer who purveys biographies of famous courtesans and criminal queens is responsible for so large a mass of bad work, that titles such as Mr. Bickley's have chosen are suspect. But Mr. Bickley's volume is less of



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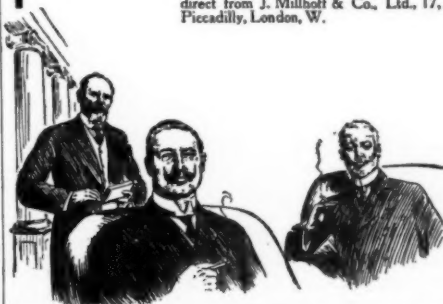
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a piece of bookmaking than its title might lead one to surmise. It shows considerable literary ability, and the historical material made use of has been well mastered. The personages with whom Mr. Bickley deals lived in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and range from Piers Gaveston to Gabrielle d'Estrées. The other English "kings' favorites" are Alice Perrens, Edward III.'s avaricious mistress; Agnes Sorel, Jane Shore, and Leicester. Castile is represented by Alvaro de Luna, and for France Diane de Poitiers and Henry III.'s *minions* bear Gabrielle company. Mr. Bickley claims that his account of Agnes Sorel contains everything of probable authenticity or possible interest in regard to her, but some of his other chapters, such as those on Diane of Poitiers and on Leicester, are selections from a large mass of available material. His best chapters are those on the *minions* of Henry III. and on Gabrielle d'Estrées, but the whole book is well done and can be recommended.

A list of the best political articles in the December reviews includes "The Naval 'Crisis,'" by Sir William White; "German Views of an Anglo-German Understanding," by Sir Harry Johnston; "The Radical Party and Social Reform," by Sir Henry Seton-Karr; and "Is there a Conservative Party?" by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, in the "Nineteenth Century"; "The Issue," by Mr. Harold Spender, and "Foreign Affairs," by Dr. E. J. Dillon, in the "Contemporary Review"; "Democracy and the Crisis," by Mr. Sydney Brooks, "The Crisis and the Nation," by Mr. J. L. Garvin, "Mr. William O'Brien and the Irish Centre Party," by Canon Sheehan, in the "Fortnightly Review"; "Protest of American Senators against the Protectionist Tariff," by Sir Alfred Mond, in the "English Review"; and "Tariff Reform and the Cotton Trade," by Mr. A. Bonar Law, in the "National Observer." Among the general topics we have Miss C. Smith Rossie's article on "Cheap Meat: The German Freibank," Miss Mary Longman's "Children's Care Committees," and "The Humors of Fast-ing," by Mr. Upton Sinclair, in the "Contemporary"; Mr. M. H. Spielmann's "The Position of Fine Art in the New Copyright Bill," and Mr. Orlo Williams's "The Amateur and the Opera" in the "Fortnightly"; Miss Anna Martin's "The Married Working Woman: A Study," and Mrs. J. H. Bell's "The Creed of Our Children" in the "Nineteenth Century." Literature is strongly represented in the "English Review," where Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Paris Nights" are continued and Mr. Conrad's "Study of Revolutionary Life in Russia" makes a brilliant beginning. In the "Contemporary" Count S. C. de Soissons begins a series of articles on "Anatole France"; and the "National Review" has an appreciation of "Robert Lloyd" by Mr. Austin Dobson.

## The Week in the City.

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STOCK EXCHANGE speculation on the Election, which lowered the Government majority from 120 to 45 after Mr. Balfour's Referendum speech, received a severe check on the very first day. And on the second day the Government majority was put back above 90. For some reason or other, the Consol market thought that Conservative gains would have helped Government stock at least temporarily—although a naval loan would probably have been one of the first acts of a Tory administration. After Tuesday's results, which were very favorable to the Government, the figure went above 130, only to recede when the tide turned after Wednesday. Foolish little ups and downs in the Consol Market have attended the political see-saw. Home railway stocks have sympathized with gilt-edged securities. Nevertheless the outlook is good, for we have splendid trade, and the Money Market

has been getting easier ever since the bank rate was reduced. The Board of Trade returns for November constitute an absolute record for imports and exports so far as I know. The cheerfulness on this side is in sharp contrast to Wall Street, which is very unhappy about American politics.

### AMERICAN CONDITIONS.

According to the statistics of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, the combined cereal crops of 1910 show an increase of 8 per cent. over last year, maize and oats reporting record-breaking yields. As a result of the big maize crop the price of meat has already declined, and the Democratic Party ascribes this phenomenon to its recent success at the polls. A Wall Street firm writes:—

"With some relief in the high cost of living in sight, and with the political campaign out of the way, two important elements of depression have been ameliorated, if not removed. It is true the tariff question is still with us. We must expect and endure a period of heated and prolonged discussion, but new legislation seems hardly probable before 1912. Our new Congressmen do not go into office until a year hence, and all talk of an extra session of Congress after March 4th, 1911, when the approaching session ends, should be earnestly discouraged."

President Taft's message was awaited with anxiety; for Wall Street dislikes radical measures as much as our own Stock Exchange. But, though moderate, it brought no boom.

### THE MEXICAN REVOLT.

The reports from Mexico are mixed. The "Herald," of Mexico City, admits that there is a widespread insurrectionary movement, springing from a carefully-hatched conspiracy against Diaz. A certain Francisco Madero proclaimed himself "President of the Provisional Government of Mexico." The chief seat of the insurrection, which, as "Times" telegrams show, is still smouldering, appears to be Chihuahua, in Northern Mexico. Madero had the temerity to oppose Diaz at the last election, and was convicted shortly afterwards of "inciting the people to rebellion." He fled from this conviction and proclaimed himself President. There has been talk of General Reyes returning to conduct the war against Diaz; but it is more likely that Diaz, though unpopular with the army, will be able to stifle this revolt.

### THE JAPANESE TARIFF.

Our Japanese allies are suffering from bad trade and dear everything. Their income tax runs up to five shillings in the £ on the biggest incomes, and there are excises upon edibles, drinks, and all sorts of manufactures. To improve matters they now propose a much higher tariff. France, Germany, the United States, and other countries, are powerless to do anything; for their own tariffs are as bad or worse. But the complaints and indignation of London and Lancashire merchants have brought the Japanese Government to its knees, and a commissioner (Mr. Jabe) is on his way to propose an accommodation. It is to be hoped that the Foreign Office and Board of Trade will be very firm; for we are in a position, as Japan's chief creditors, to save the people from their own Government.

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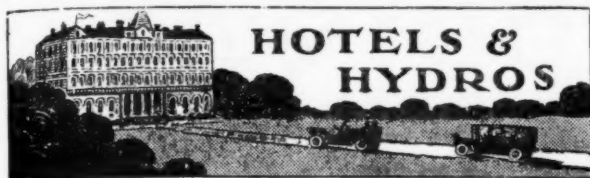
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# The Nation

## A Christmas Page.

### SOME OLD FRENCH SONGS.

#### "JESUS S'HABILLE EN PAUVRE."

JESUS, hid in garments poor,  
Asked for alms from door to door.

"Rich man, at your table fine,  
Give me of your meat and wine."

"There is naught that I can give,  
I have work enough to live.

"What is left of my good meat  
I will give my dog to eat.

"He brings hares and quails to me,  
What have I to gain from thee?"

"Widow, at the window pane,  
Give me shelter from the rain."

"Come in, poor man, welcome be,  
Thou shalt share my crust with me."

In six years the rich man died,  
Straight to Paradise he hied.

"Go down, Peter, to the gate,  
See who knocks at night so late."

"A rich man from earth just sped  
Asks in heaven to make his bed."

"Bar the door and bolt it well,  
He to-night must sleep in hell."

The poor widow died likewise;  
She, too, knocked at Paradise.

"Go down, Peter, do not stay,  
See who knocks before 'tis day."

"A poor widow, worn and old,  
Seeks for shelter from the cold."

"Give her food and give her fire,  
Give her all her heart's desire.

"Wide the doorway open fling,  
She in Paradise shall sing."

### ST. CATHERINE'S WATCH.

In slumber deep,  
St. Catherine keep  
Baby asleep  
For fifteen years;  
From her white bed,  
With saints o'erhead,  
Keep frights and fears.

Thro' that profound,  
Sweet sleep and sound,  
O maiden crowned!  
Lest ill dreams steal,  
Both night and day,  
Keep watch away,  
With palm and wheel.

Till sleep be done,  
If a mouse run  
In the white sun  
Across the floor,  
Thy finger tips  
Upon thy lips  
Make hush once more.

When there have been  
Of quiet seen  
The years fifteen,  
Her sleep will break;  
The Prince so gay  
Will come that day—  
Baby will wake.

### BABY IN CHURCH.

(If Sunday in Advent)

THE cock and the hens,  
The sermon begins;  
The cow and the calf,  
We've got thro' it half;  
The cat and the mice,  
It's finished—how nice!  
See, baby, see,

A mouse runs away,  
Put out your hand and take hold of his tail,  
If we can catch him we'll make without fail

A big bonnet of fur  
For Christmas Day.  
We'll trim it with feathers  
Of peacocks and owls,  
And grey guinea fowls,  
To wear in all weathers.  
In her new bonnet,  
What a fine sight!  
Baby will go,  
Warm thro' the snow,  
To hear the cock crow  
On Christmas night.

### ADIEU NOEL.

NOEL is leaving us,  
Sad 'tis to tell,  
But he will come again,  
Adieu, Noël.

His wife and his children  
Weep as they go;  
On a grey horse  
They ride thro' the snow;

Colin and Margot  
In their red capes,  
Laden with wine,  
And walnuts and grapes.

The Kings ride away  
In the snow and the rain,  
After twelve months  
We shall see them again.

### THE CHIMES.

ALL night the chimes  
Strike at Cléry,  
At Orléans,  
At Beaugency,  
Vendôme, Vendôme,  
From all the towers.

—Oh! the distress,  
The weariness,  
Thro' the night time,  
To count each chime,  
Till morning come . . .  
The hours, the hours!

R. L. GALES.



## TWO WEST AFRICAN FAIRY TALES.

THE following stories were related by a small black maiden—a native of Sierra Leone. They are repeated as nearly as possible as they were delivered to us. It is a pity that it is not possible to convey some idea of the sing-song drone of a particular portion which is frequently repeated, and which seems to be a kind of chorus, or to give a notion of the gestures, the laughter and the clapping of hands, which accompanied the telling. The word, "Chop," is used to describe food or the act of eating. "Pull" I take to mean simply "get."

## I.

## WIN-NEH, WIN-NEH, KY AH.

One Mammie she live in a house in de bush. She done get four Picaninnies.

For herself she pull (get) three Picins. One Picin not hers. It be give her for "mind" of her sister. Mammie done put all her own Picins in one room. Dat odder Picin she put him in small room by himself.

Ebery mornin' Mammie go wash her own Picins. Ebery mornin' she give 'em "chop" and tea. Dat odder Picin she no go for wash him. She give him no chop. She give him no tea. Every day Mammie done go out. She go work for dem Picins. She go pull chop and clothes for dem.

She tell dem Picins for shut de door fast, for one Devil he live back of dat house.

When Mammie done come home she wait at de door. She sing, softly, softly:—

"Win-neh, Win-neh, Ky ah,  
Bell-Metindah, Ky ah,  
Bell-Om, Ky ah,  
Qua-Qua, why do you stay hesh?"

Den de Picins go open de door. Mammie she "pull" (get) dem plenty chop; plenty rice and palm oil. But Qua-Qua she give him no agidi, she give him no rice. De Devil he say:—

"All right! Dey get fat soon. I go chop 'em. I go eat 'em."

One day, when Mammie done go out, he sing at de door:—

"Win-neh, Win-neh, Ky ah,  
Bell-Metindah, Ky ah,  
Bell-Om, Ky ah,  
Qua-Qua, why do you stay dere?"

But de Picins say, "Dat not be Mammie's voice. Dat Devil he humbug us too much," and dey no go open de door.

Dat Devil he go get Iron. He go make Iron hot. Den he push him down his throat, to make his voice small, small, like de Mammie's. Den he go sing again, and de Picins done open de door. Dat Devil he get into de house. He go "chop" dem Picins. He go eat 'em!

Den Mammie she come home, and she sing at de door:—

"Win-neh, Win-neh, Ky ah,  
Bell-Metindah, Ky ah,  
Bell-Om, Ky ah,  
Qua-Qua, why do you stay hesh?"

An' de Devil he laugh, So! An' he done sing:—

"Win-neh, Win-neh not dere!  
Bell-Metindah not dere!  
Bell-Om not dere!  
Qua-Qua he still dere!"

## II.

## THE BUSH PICIN AND THE BONE OF HIS LITTLE FINGAR.

A little boy he live in a house in de bush. He live dere with his fader and his mudder and his sister.

But a Devil he come and marry de Picin's sister and take her away. But de fader and mudder did not know he was a Devil. De Picin's mudder she go out one day. De fader he go hunting in de bush. De Picin he stay alone in de house.

De Devil he come to de Picin and he say:—

"At four o'clock to-morrow you go die."

And de Devil he sing:—

"Talleh no prah ma,  
Talleh no prah ma,  
My brudder is in de bush.

I am your one, one,  
I am your two, two,  
I am your grandfader and your grandmudder  
I make your fader and your mudder,  
Go see your Cokery Bone."

When de fader come home, de Picin he tell him all about dat Devil. But de fader he go flog him for lie.

De next day de fader go hunt in de bush again. De mudder she go out, and de Picin he stay alone in de house.

At four o'clock dat Devil he come again and he sing:—

"Talleh no prah ma,  
Talleh no prah ma,  
My brudder is in de bush.

I am your one, one,  
I am your two, two,  
I am your grandfader and your grandmudder  
I make your fader and your mudder,  
Go see your Cokery Bone!"

He go kill dat Picin at four o'clock. When de fader come home he look, and he look, and he look. He no find dat boy. He find only his Cokery Bone.

Den dat huntsman he go sharpen his knife. He make him very sharp. He go find dat Devil and he kill him "One time."

Il! Hou!

E. C.

## Reviews.

## NOTABLE COLOR BOOKS.\*

THERE is room for a volume on the history of the Christmas Gift Book. Certainly its recent developments have been such as the earlier publishers of illustrated books, suitable for Christmas presents, could never have foreseen; for even in the 'sixties, the golden age of English illustration, when the revival of the wood-cut gave scope for much fine work in black-and-white, there was no hint of the magnificence that the first decade of the twentieth century was to produce, and no hint was given until the rediscovery of the three-color process as a practical commercial proposition opened men's eyes to the possibilities of that blend of art and literature which the modern Gift Book embodies. Since then, of course, improvement has followed upon improvement in color reproduction; the rarity has become the commonplace, and the one or two publishers of the color-book the many, while every season sees some extension of the latter's operations, some daring excursion into realms of literature hitherto deemed impossible of illustration. Nor, although color work is all the fashion, has plain black-and-white dropped out. On the contrary, the competition of color work has stimulated black-and-white illustration to greater efforts, and the sensuous glamor of the former has no mean rival in some of the line drawings that are reproduced to-day, and which are fine in draughtsmanship and rich in intellectual ideas.

Diversity in artistic treatment is one of the principal features of our present selection from this year's crop of

\* "The Rhinegold and the Valkyrie." By Richard Wagner. Translated by Margaret Armour. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Heinemann. 15s. net.

"Iolanthe and Other Operas." By W. S. Gilbert. Illustrated by W. Russell Flint. Bell. 15s. net.

"The Sleeping Beauty and Other Fairy Tales." Retold by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. net.

"Green Willow and Other Japanese Fairy Tales." By Grace James. Illustrated by Warwick Goble. Macmillan. 15s. net.

"Poems by Christina Rossetti." Illustrated by Florence Harrison. Blackie. 15s. net.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor." By William Shakespeare. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Heinemann. 15s. net.

"Turner's Golden Visions." By C. Lewis Hind. Jack. 21s. net.

Gift Books; but the variety of the subjects illustrated is certainly not less noticeable. The demand which the Gift Book has created for itself has, in turn, created a fastidious taste in readers and purchasers. Pleasing pictures, as such, no longer satisfy. The book must have them, if it is to be a presentable book; but the theme they illustrate is equally important. Even the general reader has his particular tastes, and it is something that satisfies those that alone will satisfy him. Take such a subject as music, for instance. He may be known to be an enthusiastic Wagnerite. On the other hand, his brother's notions of opera, grand or otherwise, may, with equal enthusiasm, begin and end with Gilbert and Sullivan. For the first is obviously meant "The Rhinegold and the Valkyrie," translated into English measure by Miss Margaret Armour, and illustrated by Mr. Arthur Rackham. It is true that many who are not Wagnerites may cherish fond memories of Mr. Rackham's "Alice in Wonderland" and "Peter Pan," and so be attracted to his latest venture; and the book has this undoubted advantage of many others, that there are thousands of Rackhamites as well as of disciples of Wagner. But this does not alter the fact that the book is primarily one for the lover of the Ring. Not, indeed, that Mr. Rackham has followed the opera, for anything more antagonistic to stage representation than these drawings could hardly be imagined. Nor can he be said to have pictorialised the music, except, perhaps, in one or two of the more obvious interpretations such as the Ride of the Valkyrie. But what he has done has been to interpret, with singular persuasiveness, the spirit of the beautiful and stirring Norse Myths that gave birth to both music and opera. In so far as his renderings of characters like Alberich and the Giants in the Rhinegold are full of typical grotesquerie, he is still the Arthur Rackham of yore, with the reservation that, if anything, the grotesqueness is more emphatic—perhaps, in order to point the contrast between those gnarled, repulsive monsters and the noble gods. In the "Valkyrie," however, whose gods and men and women, if sometimes weak, are never ignoble, the comparatively greater dignity of the theme has raised his art to an unusually high plane, increased its spaciousness, beautified its sense of beauty—the Brunhilde is magnificent—simplified its tortuousness of line, and lent it the mass and color of nobility. The book is by far the finest work that Mr. Rackham has done, and the reproductions are worthy of the originals, as we saw them at the Leicester Galleries.

In passing to the Wagner enthusiast's brother, whose affections are for the Savoy classics, we must not forget that he was handsomely catered for last year when some of the "Savoy Operas," illustrated by Mr. Russell Flint, were produced in volume form. The same artist is responsible for the pictures to "Iolanthe, and other Operas," with which the same publishers have followed up the previous book. Mr. Flint's work is much nearer to the stage than Mr. Rackham's; yet not entirely of the stage, since several effects are such as no limelight, however cunning, could produce. Still, the vivacity of his color and the droll humor of his expressions belong essentially to that fantastic world which revealed itself only on the Savoy boards; they symbolise specifically the lightly chromatic music, the sparkling laughter, the absurd sorrows of Gilbert-Sullivanism. Moreover, this book is likely to be popular just now for reasons other than Mr. Flint's delicate imaginings; there is so much in the libretto, particularly in "Iolanthe," that is politically up-to-date. Lord Mountararat and his compeers are once more being invited to leave the Hereditary House and "become fairies." And, if it were not sacrilege on Mr. Flint's art, we would commend his picture of "The Procession of Peers" to the Opposition organisers. Reproduced as a poster, and paraded to the inspiring Gilbertian tune of "Loudly let the Trumpets bray, Tantarara! Tzing! Boom!" it would be infinitely more exhilarating to peer-worshippers than the ordinary meeting and the Dollar Dirge.

One can imagine a few sensitive Tories rejecting Gilbert on political grounds, and yet eager to acquire a gift-book which is a classic of a light and soothing nature. To these, and to a good many others, "Q.'s" "The Sleeping Beauty and other Fairy Tales," illustrated by Mr. Edmund Dulac, offers many attractions. "Q." tells us in his preface that he went to Perrault, the seventeenth-century French fabri-

cator of "The Sleeping Beauty," "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," and several of the other masterpieces of nursery lore, and that he began by translating the text as it stood, repented of the result, and so re-wrote the stories in his own way, taking such liberties with them as he thought fit. Liberties or not, they appear to us much the same as we ever knew them; nor do we quarrel with Mr. Dulac's selection of eighteenth-century raiment for his characters, partly because these legends of all time could look well in the dress of any century, and partly because the eighteenth-century dress was the dress in which fathers and mothers first told the tales to their children in any numbers—for Perrault's inventions were not properly appreciated till the eighteenth century—and has few rivals in old-world picturesqueness. A third reason for not objecting is that the singular delicacy of Mr. Dulac's coloring, and a certain fastidiousness with which he handles it, find the happiest possible expression in these dainty pictures. Another book of fairy stories well worthy of note is "Green Willow, and other Japanese Fairy Tales," compiled by Miss Grace James, with illustrations in color by Mr. Warwick Goble. The tales are slight in texture, and not all of them end happily; but the embroidery of their style gives them a distinction of their own; and their atmosphere is heavy-laden with the scents of chivalrous romance. More, the Japanese feeling of their illustrator is something very pronounced, poetic, and sincere. We have seen few pictures of the many that may now be classed as the Rackham-Dulac school that come so near to the Eastern spirituality suggested by Mr. Goble's beautiful drawing called "The Star Lovers," or any that more ably achieved a clean, deft color pattern than that of his little lady in the "The Strange Story of the Golden Comb." It is a book to whet the artistic appetite.

And here we have done with all attempts at classification, for the remaining three works on our list are as far apart from each other in subject, in style, and in illustrations as it is possible for books to be. The gift-book seeker might fancy all of them; but, whatever his exclusiveness in taste, he could hardly fancy none. First comes an imposing volume of Christina Rossetti's Poems, introduced by Mrs. Meynell, and illustrated by Miss Florence Harrison in color and line. The artist's graceful sense of design is, perhaps, more obvious in the black-and-white, and the strength of color has, we fancy, suffered considerably by translation; the reds, for instance, are often brickly, and the shadows lacking in transparency. But never was disciple more careful to follow the Rossetti type, more conscious that it embodies, as emphatically as any written word, the religious-mystic spirit of Rossetti's poetry—for in spirit the poetry of Christina and that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti are as nearly as possible identical—and to this extent the illustrations are all that they should be. One can forgive unevenness and much else for the sake of a quality that really aids the understanding of the text. The color in Mr. Hugh Thomson's pictures to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is more discreet; but then Mr. Thomson had neither fine-spun emotions, nor deep-brooding passion, nor intensity of religious feeling clamoring for expression in sympathetic tints in this merriest of Shakespeare's comedies. He had only broad fun and frolic and the Elizabethan Englishness and the cool, colorless climate of the north to limn lightly; and so he has confined himself to an almost uniform key of cool blues and greens and washed-out browns, with a suave spruce or purple and, here and there, a scarlet cloak and a warm tint for an embroidered gown to liven things up a bit. He has done it very well; his merry wives are admirably pretty tomboys; his Falstaff the fat Briton without caricature; his Slender and Shallow lean embodiments of drollery.

Books on fine art subjects have been rather scarcer this year than for some time past, but this class is well represented among the gift books by Mr. C. Lewis Hind's "Turner's Golden Visions," illustrated by fifty reproductions in color of the artist's pictures. Turner's art is an unusually severe test of color printing processes; the results in this case, however, are wonderfully faithful to the originals. This year has witnessed a marked revival of interest in Turner, thanks largely to the opening of the new gallery at Millbank, which the book is intended to commemorate; and the text, written in Mr. Hind's usual dis-

cursive and personal style, will be found to contain some new autobiographical matter, chiefly in the form of extracts that were found on the leaves of the sketch books that Turner bequeathed to the nation. The pictures are selected from those in the National and Tate Galleries and in the collection of Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, and are representative of every phase of Turner's art; but we notice with some surprise that the "Dido building, Carthage" is not included, in spite of its interesting associations.

#### FAIRIES AND FIGHTERS.\*

THE present reviewer has always had a certain spite against the fairies, because other children appeared to enjoy hearing about them so much, while to him their doings were a matter of comparative indifference. Of course, if it had been possible to see fairies dancing on the mountains like flames, or to hear the Banshee sounding round the cottage walls at night, he would have shuddered with joyful excitement. But he always knew that this was, unfortunately, no longer possible, and at any period of his life he would rather have seen an eagle flying than have conversed with the Fairy Queen. Indeed, he often suspected a certain amount of affectation in other children's supposed delight in fairy-stories, and he more than suspects it now. Usually, it is the uncle who likes the fairy-story best, because it recalls to him a golden age which he thinks ought to have existed, but which never did. It is the same uncle who revels in the sentimental joys of taking children to pantomimes.

But every Christmas these sober and ill-natured views are shaken by the reappearance of all fairyland, crowded with fairies in shoals. There seems to be something perpetual in their attraction, especially in winter. Perhaps the long, dark nights and the unpleasant weather incline us all to mysteries and ways of escape, and if Christmas had come to Europe in the glory of midsummer, probably the Christmas fairies would have died long ago. For fairyland is always a way of escape. It is the land where the nicest things are always possible, and where only witches and wizards and kings grow old. "The uniformity of nature! What nonsense!" says fairyland. "There is no tedious uniformity here. Cause and effect, indeed! Here we have no cause, and the only effect is happiness ever after." It is the land of escape, where, at any moment, one's disagreeable aunt may vanish on a broomstick, and every nice little girl may drive away as a princess in a pumpkin coach, and every gallant boy may kill a giant or run his ship upon a magic shore.

So, Christmas after Christmas, the fairies come skipping and skimming back again, and first out of a mere handful of the best books about them we may take "The Scottish Fairy Book," by Elizabeth Grierson. We take it first because it is a collection of the real old fairy stories, untouched by moralising or the wisdom of conscious literature. These are the old tales of Scotland, chiefly of the Lowlands, where the noblest ballads also had their origin, and they are re-told with fine simplicity and charm. Here we may read the true histories of bogeys, kelpies, and mermaids, of the grim Worm of Linton, and of Norway's Black Bull. It is the inmost heart of old Scotland that we read—the Scotland of cliffs and mountains and lonely cottages—and sometimes the towers of a castle rise, and sometimes a strange king comes from Erin or from Albain. The book is admirably illustrated by Mr. Morris Meredith Williams.

Mr. Maurice Baring's Christmas volume, called "The Glass Mender," belongs to a different class. Here we do not find the familiar fairy-tales that have grown up among the generations of men all over the world, but a set of new and original stories, invented by the author

himself, with the aid of fairy traditions. Hans Andersen was the master, perhaps the inventor, of the manner, and he thus produced some of the sweetest and most poignant stories of the world. Others have followed him—Mrs. Bland ("E. Nesbit") and Miss Evelyn Sharp, perhaps, with the greatest charm. And now Mr. Maurice Baring, best known for his vivid sketches of Russian life, joins their number. The scenes of the stories are laid in various lands—in Russia, Germany, and China—but all are laid in fairyland. One of the most delightful is the "Blue Rose," which might have been taken straight from some Hindu tale such as we find in a "Digit of the Moon," but all are told with extraordinary grace, and are accompanied by a few delicate illustrations.

In "The Three Mulla-Mulgars" Mr. Walter de la Mare, best-known for his verse, has given us still another kind of fairy-tale. It is a longish story on the lines of the old folk-lore that grew up in the days when birds and beasts could converse with man on almost equal terms, and had the same kind of thoughts and feelings. It tells especially of the adventures of three forest monkeys, who came very near to the human mind and grew fairly intimate with the rather more highly developed apes, called men, whom they encountered. It is unfortunate that the book has only two illustrations, for both are good, and the story lends itself very well to pictures of primitive and forest life.

"The Flint Heart," by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, is a story of something the same kind. Animals also play a great part in it, but it is more distinctly a fairy-tale. Of course, it is a story of Dartmoor, and it begins with pictures of prehistoric times, when men of the stone-age wrought the stony heart that serves as the talisman throughout the book. There is plenty of modern wit and merriment in it too, and it contains a very fine new version of the "Hare and Tortoise." It is illustrated throughout by Mr. Charles Folkard.

By "The Slowcoach" Mr. E. V. Lucas takes us out of fairyland altogether, though to the present reviewer the country through which the Slowcoach journeys is quite as magical as any Prospero's island could ever be. It is only the old roads round Oxford, Stratford, and away westward where Brecon Hill looks over the Severn valley to the blue hills of Wales. But how full of hidden wonder all that quiet country is, as though at any moment the magic underlying it might break through! And if ever there was a way of discovering that magic, it is by slowly passing among the fields and rivers in a caravan, as these happy children do in Mr. Lucas's book. What child, indeed, could desire a greater happiness? For to be a tinker or a gipsy, always stepping westward, is the natural longing of all mankind. The book is illustrated by Miss M. V. Wheelhouse, a singularly appropriate name, at all events.

By way of the "Slowcoach" we come to Mr. John Masefield's "Book of Discoveries"—certainly one of the most delightful books that any Christmas season could produce. It rather reminds one of Richard Jefferies's "Bevis," but it has more variety, and for us a greater charm. It tells the adventures and explorations of two boys in some English county where relics of old history have remained but little disturbed. We should like to think it was the Cotswolds, or some hill-country further up the Severn. But it might have been the Sussex Downs around the Arun, or the Chilterns, that pour down the Chess and Colne. One only wants a fairly navigable river, and plenty of steepish hills—chalk hills, for choice—abounding in Roman, British, and prehistoric remains. There the two boys set out upon their adventures, guided sometimes by a tough and kindly old gentleman, who had known wars and seas and cities, and was deeply read in the habits and warfare of early man. The book is full of just the kind of history and knowledge that every boy, and every girl too, would like to know about the old country around us, and it is all told with the seriousness and modesty that boys and girls, and grown-up people, like best in every story-teller, nor is there a single word of cant or patriotic swagger from the beginning to the end. It is illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne.

Equally successful and characteristic of the writer is Mr. Masefield's "Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger." It is a tale of Monmouth's conspiracy, and is an admirable example of the romantic story of fighting

\* "The Scottish Fairy Book." By Elizabeth Grierson. Unwin. 6s.  
 "The Glass Mender." By Maurice Baring. James Nisbet. 6s.  
 "The Three Mulla-Mulgars." By Walter de la Mare. Duckworth. 5s. net.

"The Flint Heart." By Eden Phillpotts. Smith, Elder. 6s.  
 "The Slowcoach." By E. V. Lucas. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. 6s.

"A Book of Discoveries." By John Masefield. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. 6s.  
 "Martin Hyde." By John Masefield. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. 6s.

"The Children of the Chapel." By Mrs. Disney Leith and Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chatto & Windus. 6s.



and adventure that rivals the fairy story at Christmas. It ends with Sedgemoor, described with peculiar restraint and a sense for the reality of battles, but the main part of the story is taken up with the intrigues and dangers of the conspiracy itself, both here and in Holland. The illustrations are by Mr. T. C. Dugdale.

Last among this selection of a few among the excellent books of the season, we welcome a third edition of Mrs. Disney Leith's "Children of the Chapel." As is now well known, she wrote it nearly fifty years ago, in collaboration with her cousin Swinburne, then a young and almost unknown poet, and in it was included his "Morality play" called "The Pilgrimage of Pleasure." Coming upon it accidentally in his boyhood, long before the authorship of the "Morality" was known, the present reviewer rather prided himself upon detecting the secret and revealing it to his friends. But there was no call for pride in such a discovery, as any half-dozen of the lines will show. In the 'sixties or 'seventies, or at any other time, who but Swinburne could have written like this?

"When your hearts are exalted with laughter, and kindled  
with love as with fire,  
Neither look ye before ye nor after, but feel and are filled  
with desire.  
Lo, without trumpets I come: without ushers I follow  
behind:  
And the voice of the strong men is dumb; and the eyes of  
the wise men are blind."

#### THE AWKWARD AGE ON STRIKE.\*

THE schoolgirl, like the schoolboy, is a reticent creature, deeds, not words, being the natural motto of an age that we in this country call awkward, and the French, with deeper insight, ungrateful. For generations, outwardly awkward and inwardly ungrateful, the schoolgirl patiently pretended to satisfy her love for reading with books that were labelled "For girls." But all the while she was in revolt, though she said nothing about it. She accepted "The Wide, Wide World" because it was given to her; but she never for one moment accepted its outlook upon a universe that had to be twice proclaimed wide in order to conceal its awful narrowness. What she really did, of course, was to read Fenimore Cooper and Ainsworth and Marryat, and all the rest of the immortals whose works were, almost as inaccurately, labelled "Books for boys." You might think, perhaps, that these were the books that taught her to revolt. On the contrary, as every woman who ever revolted could testify, it was "The Wide, Wide World," and others of its kind, that prepared her to become a rebel when the time for rebellion should arrive.

So to-day the awkward age is on strike; that is to say, it has found the courage to declare openly what it has always thought, which is the first step in all rebellion, whether in the schoolroom or elsewhere. The next step is to fight for the right to think it; but I do not think the schoolgirl will have to do that, because it is being done for her on another and a more grown-up battlefield. That she is already reaping the spoils of victory cannot be doubted if we go into her playing-fields or her school laboratory, if we merely travel in the Tube about nine in the morning or five in the afternoon, and see her curled up in a corner seat, one foot doubled under her and the other swinging gloriously to and fro, a stick of chocolate in one hand and "The Elements of Physiology" in the other. One short generation ago that schoolgirl would have had two legs

instead of one, and neither of them would have been allowed to swing; the stick of chocolate would have been a nurse-maid, and the science primer would have been "Wayside Flowers and Their Lessons." It is small wonder that, when playtime comes to-day, the book for girls, as such, is doomed. Naturally, it dies hard; for the average grown-up purchaser of Christmas books, shirking the responsibility of making another person's daughter into a rebel, still prefers to follow the line of least resistance by buying something that is safely marked innocuous. This can easily be done, the last thing to go down before revolt being the label of servitude; and long after all distinctions of sex have disappeared from this class of fiction, books will continue to be described as having been written for girls or for boys, as the case may be, for the guidance of the grown-up person who does not yet know that the awkward age has gone out on strike, has made its own terms and won them.

The interesting thing is that, although the old label is still there, the spirit of revolt has crept into the book for girls, and the wide, wide world described in it is no longer the limited planet that once let rebellion loose in the schoolroom. You will find it in eleven out of twelve story books which have been recently written for girls. The twelfth, being of the nonsense type of story, offers no occasion for the manifestation of modern ideas, and need not, therefore, be considered from that point of view, although even in "The Raft in the Bush"—not, I think, nearly so good as "Seven Little Australians," and other stories by Miss Ethel Turner that were a little less involved, a little less forced in humor than this one—the way that King Billy's native wife, Mary Belonga Him, always says and does the right thing while not attempting to contradict her husband's limited view of her capacities, might be distorted by the fanatical feminist into an indication of the improving position of the woman in the home. A more unprejudiced reader would merely find the story a nonsense one, however, and that not of the first order, besides being a little too Australian in color to be quite intelligible to English readers.

The eleven remaining books of my twelve, even where they retain the machinery of the old limitations, are all marked most refreshingly by the new freedom of treatment which is doing so much to erase the line that was once drawn between the books that girls were supposed to read and the boys' books that they really read. The wronged heroine is still with us—she flourishes with all her old nobility of character in "Sylvia's Victory" and in "The Mysterious Twins"—but it is a pleasant change to find her sometimes transformed into the wronged hero instead, as in "Six Devonshire Dumplings," even in one instance, "The O'Shaughnessy Girls," into the hero who wrongs himself by mistake through three hundred pages of close print. The disguised person of wealth and title, loved for himself alone until a convenient, if somewhat wholesale, mortality in his family suddenly makes him an earl and a millionaire, has not yet disappeared from books of this kind; but in "A Countess from Canada" the portrait we have of him is such an attractive and human one that it would be ungracious to quibble at the frame in which it appears. Besides, the hero who is under a cloud and the prince who masquerades as a commoner are traditional characters that have been loved through all the ages, especially by happy, commonplace people who were never ugly ducklings themselves because they were never going to be swans, and whose princes are of the sort that do not appear more lovable in the make-up of the swineherd.

Perhaps, the most satisfactory sign of the times in these twelve selected books for girls is the total absence in them of that ancient tendency to foster antagonism in the schoolroom by drawing invidious comparisons between boys and girls. I find in them no time-worn jeers at the physical incapacity of girls or at any corresponding failing in boys; no recognition, in fact, of the old error denounced by the early Christian bishop who, on being asked why in his confirmation address he had exhorted the girls to be brave and the boys to be virtuous, replied that he saw no reason why courage should be monopolised by men or virtue by women. In "Betty Brooke at School" it is the brother who coaches his sister at cricket and sends her a telegram of congratulation the day she wins her colors. In "A New England Maid" and in "A Countess from Canada" it is the girl in the home who faces dangers and

\* "The Raft in the Bush." By Ethel Turner. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

"Little Jenny Jarrold." By S. G. Arnold. Melrose. 5s. net.

"The Story of a Year." By Mrs. Molesworth. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

"Six Devonshire Dumplings." By Margaret Batchelor. Nelson. 2s. net.

"The O'Shaughnessy Girls." By Rosa Mulholland. Blackie. 6s.

"A New England Maid." By Eliza F. Pollard. Blackie. 3s. 6d.

"A Countess from Canada." By Bessie Marchant. Blackie. 5s.

"Three Girls on a Yacht." By E. E. Cooper. Cassell. 5s.

"An Album of Adventures." By Ascott R. Hope. Blackie. 5s.

"Betty Brooke at School." By D. R. Mack. Bell. 3s. 6d.

"The Mysterious Twins." By Brenda Girvin. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

"Sylvia's Victory." By E. L. Haverfield. Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

difficulties, shows her younger brothers the way to be resourceful and dauntless, criticises her elder brother if he falls short of honorable standards. The day when women had to pretend to be frightened in order that men might pretend to be brave belongs to a past that simply has no place in the books that are now being written to please the awkward age.

In "Little Jenny Jarrold," the pleasant comradeship of a large family is delightfully chronicled in one of those memoirs of the nursery that have been growing popular since Stevenson wrote "Virginibus Puerisque," and Kenneth Grahame "The Golden Age." "Little Jenny Jarrold" differs from these in being the story of a little girl, but there are plenty of boys in it, all of the right sort, jolly comrades every one of them. Jenny is one of nine, and comes near enough to the beginning of her family to understand the significance of her father's question when he comes into the nursery one morning to ask, "What do you think God has sent to us in the night?"

"A pony," shouted Lilian, with shining eyes, forestalling even the parting of my mobile lips, so sure was she that a kindly Providence had answered her prayer at last. I looked down at her—as a person with premonition does look down at a person who has none—in a mixture of pity and compassion, for even at that early date I knew by sure intuition—an intuition that no later experience has led me to modify—that the ponies went to the rich, the babies to the poor."

Jenny Jarrold is a very childish child, for all her precocious premonitions, child enough to be flattered by hearing that an Italian organ boy had smiled at her, though she had seen only the back of him, and had to accept on trust her sister's statement that he was "nicer still in front"; and imp enough to want to give her favorite brother her "fattest chocolate with an almond inside . . . but when I met him on the landing I pulled off the tail of his kite instead." S. G. Arnold has written a very human story about a very human family, and you need not be a schoolgirl in order to appreciate it.

Mrs. Molesworth has been writing chronicles of the nursery for more than one generation, and "The Story of a Year" shows the best characteristics of her work—excellent taste, a charming style, and just enough humor to keep the whole from being dull or prudish. Younger children, who have an insatiable love for hearing about the detail of every-day life, will like the story of Fulvia Derwent almost as much as I used to like that of "Carrots"—no, perhaps not so much as that, for "Carrots," of course, is a classic. Miss Margaret Batchelor has tried also to present the commonplace of everyday life in "Six Devonshire Dumpings," which relates how a family of town children go to spend the summer in a country rectory. It is true that everyday life is not often made up of such thrilling material as to include encounters with an ex-convict who hides in a secret room and allows his innocent son to be suspected of theft; but the fault of this book is that when it employs thrilling material it does not thrill, and it is more successful where it is dealing with less sensational happenings. It is difficult not to agree with the lady in the "O'Shaughnessy Girls," who, when hearing that her gardener is really a wealthy gentleman who has been hiding to escape the consequences of a crime he never committed, exclaims: "If one read it in a sensation story one would say it was quite unnatural." Well, there is much in Lady Gilbert's latest sensation story that seems to me rather unnatural; but as the father of the two heroines was to their mother as "Arthur and Launcelot in one," it would be difficult for them, with such a parentage, to escape romantic adventures—and they do not escape them. Romance is not the dominant feature of Miss Eliza F. Pollard's "New England Maid," which is a straightforward, unsentimental tale of the American War of Independence, giving the point of view of both sides with great fairness and considerable insight. One could almost wish that romance had not been so far subordinated to incident as to cause the reader to be left cold when Hannah Arnold loses her lover through the treachery of her brother. "A Countess from Canada" is a first-rate story of backwoods life that will please boys and girls equally; it is so good that it is a pity Miss Bessie Marchant should have thought it necessary to make an Earl of her hero in the last chapter—he was much more attractive before he possessed a coronet as well as a kind heart. Three out of

six of the characters in "Three Girls on a Yacht" spend most of their time in pretending to be other people, and only throw off their *incognito* when betrothals commence near the end of the story; but it would be unfair to complain unduly of this idiosyncrasy on their part, for it does not affect the main interest of Miss E. E. Cowper's book, which depends on the fresh and amusing way in which she tells her story of three impecunious girls, to whom a yacht has been lent for the summer holidays. "An Album of Adventures," by Ascott R. Hope, like many albums, is rather a dull production, the people in it being characterless actors in various small dramas, which fail to thrill because one cannot work up any interest in the heroes and heroines, who find themselves in mortal danger from tigers, or mad bulls, or starvation, in various parts of the world.

The three school stories that complete my dozen of books for the awkward age are not the best of their kind. "Betty Brooke at School," by D. R. Mack, has nothing very remarkable about it beyond a certain knowledge shown by the author of schoolgirl character; that of Betty herself, with its mixture of conceit and diffidence, is particularly well suggested. There is nothing of the kind in Miss Brenda Girvin's account of school life, "The Mysterious Twins." It is almost as difficult for the reader to distinguish between her various types of schoolgirls as they seem to have found it to distinguish between the twin sisters of the title; and the wild improbability of the story is not justified by its treatment. "Sylvia's Victory" is a more careful piece of work, if marred by the rather oppressive virtue of the heroine. Miss Haverfield has, however, managed to invest her other characters with human failings, and her incident, with the exception of the inevitable drowning accident, is, on the whole, neither hackneyed nor sensational. The spirit of revolt is not far to seek, even in these rather indifferent school stories; for in each case the school is a modern one—and the modern girls' school is the nursery of progress.

EVELYN SHARP.

#### AN ILLUSTRATOR OF CARLYLE.\*

ALTHOUGH this is not Mr. Sullivan's first appearance as an illustrator of Carlyle, it is not too late to say that he stands alone among artists in his power of sympathetic interpretation of an extraordinarily difficult subject. If one has had, before this, a taste of his intellectual quality, the drawings to the French Revolution are a meal of it; and one can pay him no higher compliment than by suggesting that this work is illustrated as its author would have illustrated it himself, had he possessed the necessary artistic skill. Because Carlyle saw the Revolution less as a sequence of historical events than as a symbol of the vaster human drama, he would have pictured it not realistically, but symbolically; and this is precisely what Mr. Sullivan has done, lavishing upon his work the fruits of a study of his author, so close and so penetrating that saturation with the subject was the inevitable result. The portraits are ostensibly the exceptions to the symbolism; but even these, regarded as a whole, are not ordinary portraits, whatever the pictures from which he took them. The men and women they represent seem curiously related to one another, as if Fate, in fashioning them, had cast them in a single psychological mould, adding afterwards such touches of differentiation as were necessary for the proper presentation of the great tragedy. It would be too much to say that doom or destiny is written on the faces of all the characters portrayed; but the sense of their universal fitness for the parts they played is a chain that connects them inevitably; and it is a sense that cannot be explained away by similarity in costume or other extraneous circumstances.

However, it is in the full-page drawings that Mr. Sullivan's imagination finds its principal scope. A drawing like "The Walls of Jericho," with the hundred-headed hydra of Revolution swarming like ravening flames up the falling pillars of the Bastille, and the raven poised screaming against the storm-sky, is a conception stupendous enough to recall the most powerful work of Blake. One could step right back into the 'sixties, among seriously

\* "The French Revolution." By Thomas Carlyle. Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. Chapman & Hall. 2 vols. 21s. net.

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dramatic Millais and classical Sandys and passionate Boyd Houghton; might search through the line-drawings of these illustrations of a rich artistic decade, and yet find nothing that gripped the subject more convincingly than do Mr. Sullivan's interpretations of a theme more elusive than ever the Victorian artists attempted. Moreover, Mr. Sullivan has successfully avoided one very serious danger. In work of this class, where an artist is virtually confined to a limited set of symbols, and has, as in this case, to spread them over a considerable number of pictures, the latter are very apt to suffer from monotony. The present reviewer must confess that when Hydra-headed Revolution, as drawn by Mr. Sullivan, presented itself in the first picture, his surmise that so important a symbol was bound to appear in many subsequent drawings was accompanied by some misgivings that its recurrence might ultimately prove monotonous, even ridiculous. Serpents, even as embodiments of a mighty idea, are not easy to keep dramatically interesting for very long. Nor does the guillotine, even as a symbol, commend itself to the average mind as a pictorial property that never stales by repetition; nor can *putti*, symbols of the light, love and laughter that played around the Court of Louis, claim any divine right to repeat themselves indefinitely. We mention these three symbols as being those of which Mr. Sullivan has, perhaps, most frequently made use; and we have only to add that his invention has proved fully equal to the task of varying wonderfully the manner of their employment.

There is nothing adventitious in his poignant and direct draughtsmanship. The technique in some is closer than in others, but this is because the technique, as it should be, is servant to the sentiment. One can take the comparatively simple craftsmanship of "The Flourishing of the Fleur de Lis" (vol. I., p. 96), or the slightly sinister "Robespierre's List" (vol. II., p. 258), and compare it with the fury of frenzied lines in "The Walls of Jericho," or the more curiously Blake-like "Above the Abyss" (vol. I., p. 182), and one will see how pen and ink is made to sound the octaves of the Carlyle instrument. In none of the pictures have we found anything that could be termed extravagance; Mr. Sullivan's artistic reticence has withstood all temptations; and if some of his work appears uncanny as a nightmare, the bulk of it is a decorative dream. But the unity of idea in this embodiment of Carlyle's stupendous vision is its most triumphant feature, and for that alone the artist's achievement was well worthy of the long labor he bestowed upon it.

#### NATURE BOOKS.\*

MR. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS stands at the head of a large school of writers on natural history whose method is the nature novel or the nature short story. The school long ago leapt the Atlantic and established itself more or less firmly on this side. Mr. Roberts has the best of the material in lynx, bear, panther, and other beasts able to match their prowess with some chance of success against man. The lynx is his trade mark, and appears in the present volume as redoubtable a bob-tailed, snarling, screeching demon as ever. In the story of a polar bear Mr. Roberts gives us a picture of the twilight silence of the Arctic winter that makes us shiver. The grim act, in which the players are seals, a polar bear, and a man, is played under the fitful flicker of the Northern Lights. Then, in the next chapter, we turn to the sickle-sharp light and shade of a summer mowing field and follow the adventures of a brown mouse among hawks and weasels.

But surely, when it comes to mice, our own home naturalists may take a worthy hand. We could recall one

\* "Neighbours Unknown." By Charles G. D. Roberts. Ward, Lock. 6s.

"Lives of the Fur Folk." By M. D. Haviland. Longmans. 5s. net.

"A Book of Nimble Beasts." By Douglas English. Nash. 6s. net.

"Jack's Insects." By Edmund Selous. Methuen. 6s.

"In Nature's Nursery." By Rev. S. N. Sedgwick, M.A. Charles H. Kelly. 3s. 6d.

"The Tiger." By Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Mockler-Ferryman. Black. 3s. 6d.

or two who have done so, but it is more to the purpose to admit that Mr. M. D. Haviland has done it as well as anyone on this side the Atlantic in his "Lives of the Fur Folk." He finds his stage and his *dramatis personæ* in a corner of Ireland, where Redpad the fox, one of his chief characters, lives a wilder, freer life than exists in most English coverts. Without leaving the grounds of common knowledge, as the American school more than once has done, Mr. Haviland presents the lives of his animals in a wonderfully interesting and instructive way. The scene of the flood which results in the packing of the rats into a rabbit burrow and a general mix-up of animal politics is an excellent one, and, compelling our sympathy because no human bias makes it partial, it prepares us to side with the fur-folk when they come to take a hand against our own species.

Mr. Douglas English, having told us, possibly more than once, all that he has to say about mice, squirrels, and some others, breaks new ground over a rich mine. He has secured some excellent photographs of a mason wasp and some other bees and beetles at work, and he tells the story of these new "beasts" in a book which also contains many interesting facts about toads, weasels, and some others. The photographs are better than ever, some of them, including two of the mason wasp, being beautifully colored. They are all talking "beasts," but they talk to fair purpose, and the photographs are of abiding scientific interest.

Mr. Edmund Selous, armed with a knowledge of all that the books have concerning insects, and further equipped with an ample fund of humor, has made a truly delightful book. Jack and Maggie "get into a book" of insects in a quite unusual way, meeting, shall we say, in the printed flesh, stick insects, cicadas, snake caterpillars, lantern flies, and the most notorious of the mimics, and holding them in conversation that reminds us strongly of Alice in Wonderland. It is a double wonderland—of fun and of science. The assurance of the adult may be necessary that all that these creatures say of themselves in their funny, bookish way is as true as anything in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Many of Mr. J. A. Shepherd's drawings also are true in spite of their fun.

Another wonderland book of real natural history is Mr. Sedgwick's "In Nature's Nursery." It has the further interest of showing us the thoughts of an imaginative child. Maurice believes that the reflection any child can see of a room in exaggerated perspective in a door handle is a real knob world, and, because he has been able to discover this world, he receives thence the visit of Fancy Fay. In other words, he has the gift of imagination. "Don't read this chapter to the grown-ups," says the author in a bracketed foot-note. "Many of 'em won't understand it, and the others will say Maurice was a morbid little boy, from whom the application of a tough cane would soon have driven his fancies. So it would." That tough cane would have had a heavy responsibility if it had robbed us of this book. Maurice has the secret of minimising, mostly done in bed, which enables him to visit mice in their holes, ride on the back of a bat, talk to Cockney burying beetles (a delightful pair), and so learn many things not known to any but the most bookish of grown-ups. Mr. Sedgwick is very careful lest anyone should get even a wrong detail through "minimised Maurice." He does, however, miscalculate the prolificacy of his aphides, state wrongly that yellow is the bee's favorite color, and mix the attributes of two or three species of bats in one individual. We warmly welcome this book.

In Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Mockler-Ferryman has been found exactly the right man to write "The Tiger" for a well-known series of animal autobiographies. Many have written about the tiger without giving us so clear a picture of the country in which the tiger moves and the work he has to do to come by his meals. Few, moreover, have succeeded in bringing home to us, as this writer has, the normal state of the jungle—an armed and even friendly neutrality between prey and preyer, except when hunger is on foot. We are introduced to the feelings of the tiger when his depredations have made one part of the country too hot to hold him and he is compelled to trek into new quarters. Only a master of wood-craft could have extricated our tiger from the ring of beaters, from jungle fires, and other dangers, and, perhaps, it needed the chivalry of the hunter to give us the tiger's point of view in his disastrous conflict with the sahibs.



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## ST. FRANCIS AND THE WOLF.\*

"HELL may be paved with good intentions, but it is hung with Manchester cottons." Thus wrote Charles Napier, the Radical, of the misery and under-payment in midland and northern factories during the 'thirties of the last century; and, true as the passage is in its economic sense, there is another and an interior sense in which it is truer still.

Manchester, no doubt, is the Coketown of Charles Dickens's "Hard Times"; and Mr. Gradgrind, who meant to be a good man, is intended to illustrate the doctrines of the "Manchester School" of those days—the school of always buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, and of resolutely trampling under foot all that we class roughly enough under the heading of the imaginative faculties.

It was in obedience to these doctrines that poetry and fantasy were banned in the Gradgrind household; and thus young Thomas and young Louisa tried to find fairyland by peering under the canvas of the circus. It is these Gradgrind doctrines which may fitly be said to tapestry the halls of hell and death.

For the salvation of mankind—taking the word salvation in its widest sense—may be said to consist in a consistent and determined revolt from all the dogmas of the Gradgrinds, which are, in fact, the dogmas of the natural man, of the unsanctified and unpurged reason. It is a great paradox, but it is indisputably true that the real and essential bliss of the human animal depends upon his flying in the face of most of his "natural" instincts. The process in question is sometimes called, rather prosaically, "doing one's duty." It is a pity that this rather dreary phrase is used to describe the great operation of the wise, the High Alchemy of the spirit; it is foolish to call the supernal rose a common cabbage, notwithstanding the text of "Romeo and Juliet." The career of the Napiers is more fitly described by Mr. Stephen Gwynn under the title of the book "A Brotherhood of Heroes." Gradgrind tried to do his duty; but heroism would have seemed to him fantastic and absurd; a thing of fairy tales. Heroism would have told him that he must not buy men's labor in the cheapest market to sell it in the dearest; and if he could have listened to this voice, he would undoubtedly have lost his seat—and have gained eternal life.

Man, then, if he is to be happy—happy, not comfortable—must continually be in search of the Great Paradox; his heart must be set on the impossible. This is a principle which applies to the whole region of life. Take literature, for example; "nature" urges us to utter the merest and dullest prose; and the natural man would be continually writing: "I desired a motor-car, a nice place in the country, and six courses every day for dinner. I have these things, and now I desire another motor-car of higher horsepower, a moor in Scotland, a steam-yacht, and ten courses for dinner every day." Such is the aspiration of the natural man; such his simple lyric utterance; such his way to dulness and damnation of body, soul and spirit. Fortunately, here and there in all nations and in all ages there have been those who have desired not tangible comforts, but tangible discomforts and intangible rewards; and these we call poets.

So in morals. The natural man smacked in the face smacks back, and harder, if possible; and the few who have succeeded in quelling this almost uncontrollable impulse we name saints. Of such men Mrs. C. R. Peers has told in her book, "The Saints in Story." Note, by the way,

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how the high achievement of the impossible is symbolised in these legends. It may be true, or it may be untrue, that St. Jerome had a pet lion subdued by the holiness of the saint into the meekness of a lamb. It may be true or untrue that all the beasts obeyed St. Francis.

"Then the wolf lifted up his right forefoot and placed it in St. Francis's hand, and St. Francis held it in the sight of all men, and all the people shouted with joy. . . . At last in a good old age he died, and all the people grieved for him, for they loved him both for himself and for the sake of St. Francis."

Perhaps this was so; but in any case the symbol of St. Francis and the wolf is significant, as is the symbol of Orpheus commanding all nature by the power of melody, told in Mr. Francis Storr's "Fifty-two Stories of Classic Heroes." In each case the impossible external feat signifies the accomplishment of the impossible internal feat by which the natural noise of the human creature—a harsh and discordant howl for more courses at dinner and several new motor-cars—is transmuted into a heavenly melody and the song of angels. And to him who can utter this song all the "beasts" of the natural order do, in fact, become obedient.

This is not a truth of science; for the scientific "truth" of one generation is very apt to become the unscientific lie of the next; the immutable "elements" of the chemistry text-books of forty years ago have lost their immutability, and the position of the twelfth-century alchemists is now perceived to have been substantially in accordance with the real facts of the case. The truth that has been stated with respect to the laws of human happiness is eternal; it remains always true, and hence it is always interesting. The analysis of water represented by the symbols H<sub>2</sub>O is possibly accurate, more probably quite inadequate, and in any case utterly uninteresting and insignificant. But "The King who Never Died," whose adventures have been pleasingly retold by Dorothy Senior, will always be interesting and perpetually significant. The King is Arthur, whose story goes on from age to age, ever assuming new forms, always quick with meaning. The Mrs. Prigs of the natural order cease not to express their disbelief in the existence of such a person in an infinitely more offensive form than that of the incredulous old woman in Dickens. She was content with a simple negative; she did not show that "Mrs. Harris" was a female culture-deity, and that "Harris" was undoubtedly connected with the root "ar," to plough. The story of King Arthur and of the Holy Graal survives sun-myth explanations and culture-deity explanations because of its realism, of its truth under a certain symbolic figure to the facts of human nature. And here is a whole group of books that bear witness in varying ways to these essential facts: "Hero-myths and Legends of the British Race," "The Heroic Life and Exploits of Siegfried, the Dragon-slayer," "The High Deeds of Finn," and "Finn and His Warrior Band." The "High Deeds" has a learned and illuminating "Introduction" by Mr. Stopford A. Brooke.

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## A BOY'S LIBRARY.\*

It is perhaps unfortunate that we have no means of ascertaining definitely who of the present-day writers of boys' books are the most popular with boys. Statistics of sales do not give us any satisfactory information on this point, for the boy as purchaser is a negligible quantity; it is his parents and his sisters, his uncles and his aunts, who do the buying and, in most cases, the choosing. The boy, we doubt not, is generally satisfied. But it does not follow that he might not be more satisfied still, if matters were left entirely in his hands. Neither can we forget that in literary selection he is a deferential creature—even if not so deferential as he was—and apt to like what he is told by his elders and betters is likeable. We may assume that this state of uncertainty as to what the boy really wants is shared by the writers who cater for his entertainment. Otherwise it would be difficult to account for the enormous variety of the printed matter that goes forth every year seeking the juvenile suffrage. This year the collection is quite as various as usual, and he would be a hard boy to please who could not find among them something that appealed strongly to his individual taste. But as to which book out of the lot is likely to be the most popular, we, like the writers and the relations, are quite unable to decide. We can only suggest.

Inasmuch as the historical story has, if it is well done, an educational value beyond that of other sorts; we will start with those that have an historical basis. "In the Days of Nelson," by Captain Frank H. Shaw, relates the adventures of Hal Mainwaring, of Appledeane Manor, who, in order to get away from the domestic control of a wicked uncle, proposes to go to sea. The wicked uncle acquiesces; but to dispose of Hal and serve his own ends, he ships the boy aboard "The Sea Hawk," Captain Bondser, which turns out to be a pirate when it is not the hardly more respectable privateer. Bondser soon reveals himself as the blood-thirsty villain, and in due course Hal and a faithful companion escape overboard, and come to the town of Puerto Biento. Here, however, he falls into the clutches of a Governor not less vindictive than Bondser, is led to execution by burning, and respite at the last moment, and suffers a multitude of hair-raising adventures before he finally gets clear of his foes, and becomes an ordinary seaman aboard Nelson's ship, the "Minerva." He takes part in the battles of Santa Cruz and the Nile, quickly gaining glory and promotion; and having run to earth a Spanish villain named Gonzales, who had been his dead father's servant, and knew all about the wicked uncle's little game, he returns to confound the latter and wed his beautiful and, of course, innocent cousin Dorothy. The tale goes with a fine swing, and the fights, historical and otherwise, are vivid and circumstantial. Captain Charles Gilson's "The Spy" is "founded upon the personal memoirs of Sir Jeffery Jones, Bart., of Heatherford Hall, in Hampshire," and is written in the first person. The tale is of the Peninsula War. The Spy Latour is first encountered by Ensign Jeffery Jones on his way to join his regiment, the Forty-fifth Regiment of Foot; and the story is mainly concerned with the plotting and counter-plotting of these two, until the British officer runs his opponent through the body in a dark passage in the fortress of Badajoz. A noble, but vacillating, Spanish gentleman is involved, whose daughter, Isabella, is the heroine; a duel is fought outside Lisbon, whither the Ensign is invalided after his first action, but is resultless, owing to Isabella having considerably loaded the pistols with sand instead of lead; there are adventures with guerilla bands, regular campaigning and battles

galore; and the final storming of Badajoz, at which Wellington lost five generals and three thousand five hundred officers and men, is told of with a fine appreciation of its carnage and other horrors. The autobiographical touch helps the realism of this exciting story, which ends, as it should, with the union of hero and heroine. Our third historical book is "Hawkwood the Brave," by Mr. William Beck, which takes us back to the fourteenth century and the Hundred Years' War. Sir John Hawkwood was one of the most famous of our soldiers of fortune, and this tale of the White Company under his leadership in Italy, where he espoused the cause of Pisa against Florence, rings out the finest notes of medieval chivalry. But it is Hawkwood's squire, young Neville Manning, who takes the stage for most of the time, and whose adventures with robbers and other disagreeable people will be followed with breathless interest by every admirer of the high-principled, pure-minded, and muscular type of knight that he represented. When the White Company is disbanded through treachery—after having just failed to carry Florence by assault—Neville settles down as castellan of Monte Cerbole, with the prospect of marrying Donna Clarice, the daughter of Sir Bartolomeo Della Torre, of Milan, to whom he has rendered signal services.

The historical element disappears, and the character of the romance changes, when we come to the class of adventure books of which Mr. F. T. Bullen's "Fighting the Icebergs" is typical. Angus McFie is a Dundee sailorman, who, while in liquor, picks up a deserted baby boy in the street, adopts him, and is influenced by the event to show the real grit of his character. He makes a series of whaling expeditions to the Arctic, first as mate and then as captain, and when the young Angus, at first left to the care of a motherly landlady, arrives at years of discretion, he joins the same trade. There is not a great deal in the story, and one part of it, the visit of young Angus to his friend Grey's paternal mansion, is a trifle silly, while the love interest is quite unconvincing. But Mr. Bullen knows his country when he deals with the cold north and the venturesome whaler, and his descriptions of these scenes and doings have a touch of genius. A capital story, if on somewhat familiar lines, is Mr. Herbert Strang's "The Adventures of Dick Trevannion." The locality is the village of Polkerra, Cornwall, and the time the beginning of the nineteenth century. Dick is the scion of a county family, that has fallen on such evil days that their residence, "The Towers," can hardly be kept going, so heavily is it mortgaged; and matters are further complicated when John Trevannion, the wicked and wastrel brother of the Squire, turns up from somewhere, and, having been forbidden the Towers, acquires the Dower House, part of the same property, with his ill-gotten wealth, and sets up a sort of opposition shop. Smugglers smuggled in those days, and county families looked on sympathetically, and sometimes took a share of the profits; but John Trevannion went a good deal further than this, and the smuggling business soon hummed under his sinister auspices. It is one of the best smuggling tales we have ever read; and, needless to say, Dick plays a man's part in thwarting his uncle's machinations, while in the persons of old Joe, the excise man, Doubledick, the inn-keeper, and Sam Pollen, the fisherboy, we have cleverly-limned types of the Cornish folk in their natural atmospheric envelope. Another Cornish story is "The Boys at Menhardoc," by Mr. George Manville Fenn. An experienced and favorite writer, Mr. Manville Fenn weaves a pleasant enough story round the personalities of Will Marion, Mr. Temple and his two sons, and sundry minor sea-faring characters, and one is gratified when Will's interest in mining subjects is encouraged and rewarded by Mr. Temple, and he is given the desired chance of "bettering" himself. At the same time there is quite sufficient of the "mineralogical" element for a book that is not a scientific treatise; and surely the character of the young ninny, Arthur Temple, is overdone. On the whole we hardly think this tale is up to the high level we have grown to expect from its author. We may group with this batch "The School Mystery," by Mr. Ralph Simmonds. It is true that it belongs, strictly speaking, to that class of literature known as the school story; but the events it describes happen as much outside the school as inside, and are, moreover, of a sufficiently romantic nature to lift the book

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above the circumscribed limits which its title suggests. The story tells how four English lads bound themselves to reform and wake up a "slack" house; how there was a burglary of the school treasures; how they came to associate that burglary with the proceedings of a certain master, and got on a series of wrong tracks; how the master was finally cleared—we will not give away the highly-interesting occupation that took him out at nights; and how a school fire gave opportunity for individual heroism, and a school run one for an important discovery. The tone of the book is wholesome without being in the least mawkish, and there are some good colored illustrations. "Psmith in the City," by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, is not another school story, though we cannot help thinking it ought to have been, since most of the characters speak and act like schoolboys, and unintelligent schoolboys at that. Psmith himself is a character taken from Mr. Wodehouse's last year's book entitled "Mike," and Mike and Psmith are the pair in the present volume who contrive to checkmate Mr. Bickersdyke, the bank manager. We feel in the first chapter—a cricket match—that Mr. Bickersdyke will come to no good end, because he walks behind the bowler's arm; and in the last chapter—consequent upon another cricket match—the complete victory of cricket over Mr. B. and the degrading circumstances of banking and business hours with which he is associated, is triumphantly trumpeted. Psmith, passable as a schoolboy character, is insufferable as a funny young man about town; his father a hardly realisable fool; the bank manager a caricature; and the book itself, apart from its absurd attitude towards life and sport, neither witty nor wise.

"Beset by Savages," by Mr. Herbert Hayens, is a story of the South Seas, in which the young hero, Dick Harding, is enticed into the quest for an Australian gentleman's long-lost daughter. By way of introduction to this, there is a thrilling shipwreck; the coming of a castaway stranger aboard the vessel fitted out to find the daughter gives rise to mysteries with a sensational climax, and to the temporary sojourn of the hero upon the island he did not want; and the end is the finding of the missing maiden on another island, and an escape from savage miscreants. In face of the generalship and diplomacy of the young heroes and heroines, we feel we are slipping a little off the ledge of probabilities; but there is always the profound reflection that the boy is father to the man, to enable us to quash an attack of logic. The probabilities may also seem a little awry in Captain Brereton's story of "The Great Aeroplane." This aeroplane is the invention of Mr. Theodore Brown, scientist, and the only practical means he can think of for reaching and rescuing a friend of his who is imprisoned in Central Africa; and the tale is concerned with the adventures of Brown and his three young friends during this perilous enterprise. Of course, there is the body of blackguards who flit about from continent to continent with, apparently, the same ease as the aeroplane itself, and who have bloodthirsty Dinkas on their side. But, by dint of their own bravery, wit, airmanship, &c., with the assistance of a friendly pygmy or two, the airmen overcome all obstacles, and a sensational rescue is effected. Our hold on the ledge of probabilities, already weakened, slips altogether when we come to the last work on our list, "The Moon God's Secret," by Mr. Robert M. Macdonald. It is not the episodes narrated that are so wonderful, but the characters, and their way of talking in the midst of the most eerie and dreadful doings. From William Shakespeare, the genial cannibal, and Socrates, the black chief, who afterwards turns out to be white—the long-lost brother, in fact, of one of the young adventurers—to Mr. Reid, and Brown, and Gilson, and the rest, their conversation is pregnant with a vast insistent chirpiness. Even that heavy pirate, Williams, is twin brother to our friend, Captain James Hook. So, while weltering in deeds of blood, we are never allowed to lose our spirits, and can chuckle even during the progress of the last gory fight around the ragged rocks that overhung God Urar's baleful pool.

#### GIFT BOOKS AND ANNUALS.

THIS season an even larger proportion than usual of the gift books, both those for children and those for grown-ups, are

reprints of old favorites. We do not regret this, nor, we imagine, will the recipients either, for what books are better entitled to the glories of illustration, noble type, and dainty binding, than the veterans who have proved their power to please, and still hold their own in face of a crowd of competitors? Hans Andersen, for instance, is a writer whom age cannot wither nor custom stale. He comes in one garb or another every Christmas, and this year he appears in a really beautiful edition published by Messrs. Dent (7s. 6d. net). Mrs. E. Lucas has made a fresh translation of the immortal "Fairy Tales," and Mr. Maxwell Armfield has painted a series of pictures full of the quaint humor that is characteristic of Andersen. The landscape prefixed to "The Ugly Duckling," or the toy horse that appears in the picture illustrating "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" would win any child's heart. In addition to the colored pictures, Mr. Armfield has drawn head and tail pieces for the stories, and these are executed with equal charm. The only fault we find with the book is that it is a little too large. But we are becoming hypercritical, for everybody knows that small people like big books. The same publisher issues an edition of "The Swiss Family Robinson" (5s. net), illustrated by Mr. Charles Folkard. Young critics have been known to take a livelier interest in the adventures of Fritz and his three brothers than in those of Crusoe and Man Friday. At any rate, those who make their first acquaintance with the family in the present issue have no cause for complaint.

\* \* \*

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S "The Water Babies" is another classic of the nursery that needs no commendation. Its charm and freshness have taken a firm hold on the exacting class of readers whom its author wished to please, and a recent writer on Kingsley, a professor of English literature, is not far astray in saying that, as a piece of pure literature, it is unsurpassed by anything Kingsley ever wrote. It appears this year in two excellent editions. For five shillings you may buy Messrs. Macmillan's re-issue, with Mr. Warwick Goble's illustrations in color. Mr. Goble is an illustrator who would have delighted Kingsley. His babies and fairies and fishes are most happily conceived and executed. The present volume contains only half the number of pictures that were in Mr. Goble's more expensive edition of last year, but as a set-off the book is reduced in price as well as in size. Messrs. Jack's edition contains eight illustrations in color by Miss Katherine Cameron, and costs a shilling more than Messrs. Macmillan's. Miss Cameron's coloring is effective, and the attractive cover she has designed ought to induce many people to buy the volume. Artists and publishers have done so well for Kingsley's masterpiece that the problem before the hesitating purchaser is which to choose. He might do worse than take both.

\* \* \*

A book for older readers is Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia's Lovers" (Bell, 3s. 6d. net), ornamented by Miss Wheelhouse's illustrations, and containing one of Mr. Thomas Secombe's pleasant introductions. Mr. Secombe pronounces "Sylvia's Lovers" to be "the greatest, if not the most perfect, of its author's books, and its execution, if unequal, up to her very highest standard." This is a bold statement, for on a previous page Mr. Secombe had declared his conviction that "so far as artistic perfection is attainable in such a formless and chaotic a thing as the modern novel, it is my deliberate belief that Mrs. Gaskell has no absolute rival in the measure of complete success which she was enabled to achieve." In our view, "Cranford" is the one book by Mrs. Gaskell that places her in the front rank, but we have no wish to disparage "Sylvia's Lovers," and we welcome it in this pleasing edition. Messrs. Bell also issue Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature" (5s. net), Mrs. Ewing's "We and the World" (2s. 6d. net), and an English translation of Erckmann-Chatrian's "The History of a Conscript of 1813" (3s. 6d. net). Mrs. Gatty was Mrs. Ewing's mother, and there is a striking resemblance in the talent of the two writers. Both wrote with care and restraint, while their knowledge of child-nature has been rarely, if ever, surpassed. "The Parables from Nature" holds its place, though the moral purpose which inspired the writer is always evident. "We and the World" is one of the best books for boys ever written by a woman. Both books are well produced; in the former the illustrations are by Miss Alice B. Woodward, and in the latter by Miss M. V. Wheel-

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